



*The Gray Book*  
*of*  
**FAVORITE  
SONGS**

ENLARGED EDITION

SCHMITT, HALL & McCREARY COMPANY  
MINNEAPOLIS

784  
G783b

The Gray book of favorite  
songs

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favorite songs

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	NUMBER

CHRISTIAN HERITAGE COLLEGE

2100 Greenfield Dr.  
El Cajon, CA 92021

# THE GRAY BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS ENLARGED EDITION



784  
G4836 *A Book of Songs and Choruses  
for All Occasions*



Compiled and edited by

JOHN W. BEATTIE

WILLIAM BREACH

MABELLE GLENN

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EDGAR B. GORDON

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*With a Supplement  
Compiled and Arranged by*

WALTER GOODELL

and

FLORENCE M. MARTIN

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SCHMITT, HALL & McCREARY COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS



## Our National Banner

All hail to our glorious ensign! Courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever on the earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wave in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way!

EDWARD EVERETT



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P5667



# America

## (My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

"America" was written in February, 1832, by Rev. Samuel F. Smith who set it to the music of a composition which has been claimed for Henry Carey and which has been used by several countries for patriotic and national songs. It was first sung on the following Fourth of July in Boston, but did not gain popularity until the Civil War. Since then it has become the best known and most frequently sung of our national songs.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

HENRY CAREY (?)

*With a moderately quick motion*

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my  
 2. My native coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal  
 4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Auth - or of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountainside, Let freedom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## My Native Land

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

EDVARD GRIEG

1. Oh, Na - tive Land, how fair you seem, With lake - lets love - ly as a dream, And,  
 2. Thy gracious farms, with fields un - fur - d, With wealth to feed a hungry world; How  
 3. Oh, God of Na - tions, help us grow In kind - ness, as in pow'r; to know The

stretching far from sea to sea, Great mountains, high in maj - es - ty!  
 fair thy mis - sion, and how fine, To give thy aid, dear land of mine.  
 free - dom of true brother - hood, And wealth of love the high - est good!



# The Star-Spangled Banner

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was composed under the following circumstances:

It was on the evening of September 13, 1814, during the War of 1812, that a British fleet was anchored in Chesapeake Bay. A Dr. Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured by the British and sent as a prisoner to Admiral Cochrane's flagship.

Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, hearing of the misfortune of Dr. Beanes, who was his personal friend, hastened to the British commander to endeavor to have his friend released. The enemy was about to attack Fort McHenry, so refused to allow Mr. Key and Dr. Beanes to return until after the fort was captured.

All through the night of September 13th, the bombardment was kept up, and in the light of the "rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air" they could see the American flag still waving over the old fort. And when, in the first rays of dawn of September 14th, he still beheld the same glorious banner waving from its accustomed place, Francis Scott Key wrote the words of that wonderful song "The Star Spangled Banner."

The next day Key went ashore, and, after copying his poem, showed it to a friend and relative, Judge Nicholson, who saw its worth and at his suggestion it was printed. Soon after it was adapted to an English air known as "To Anacreon in Heaven," the composition of which is credited to John Stafford Smith, who is supposed to have written the music some time between 1770 and 1775. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in public by Ferdinand Durang, an actor, in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md.

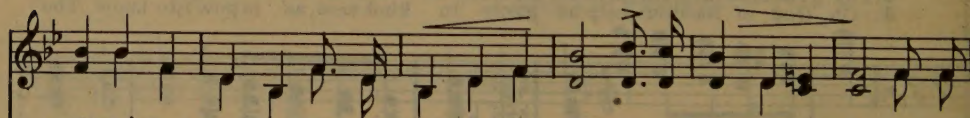
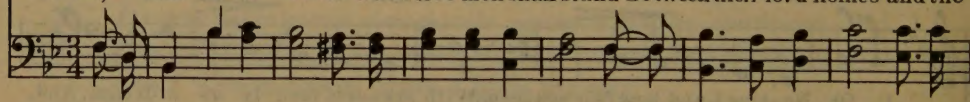
Francis Scott Key was the son of John Ross Key, an officer of the Revolutionary Army. He was born August 1, 1779, and died January 11, 1843, leaving "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a monument to his patriotic spirit, and an inspiration to his countrymen.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

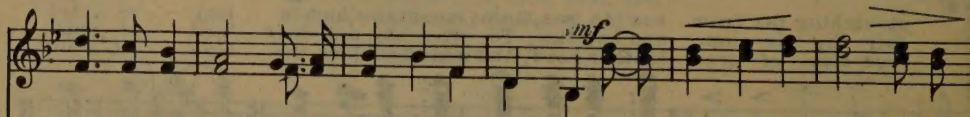
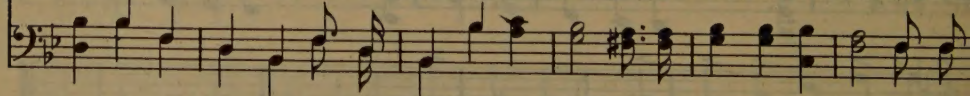
JOHN STAFFORD SMITH



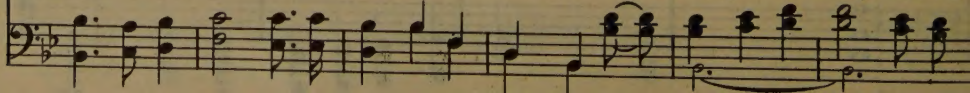
1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the



twi-ght's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the  
 si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it  
 war's de - so - la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued-land Praise the



ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs  
 fit - ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-ses? Now it catch-es the gleam of the  
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

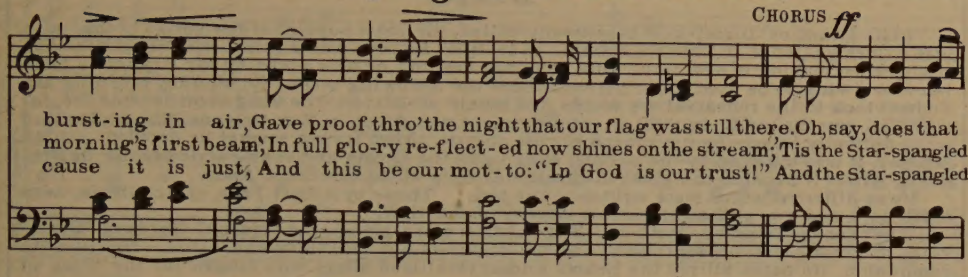




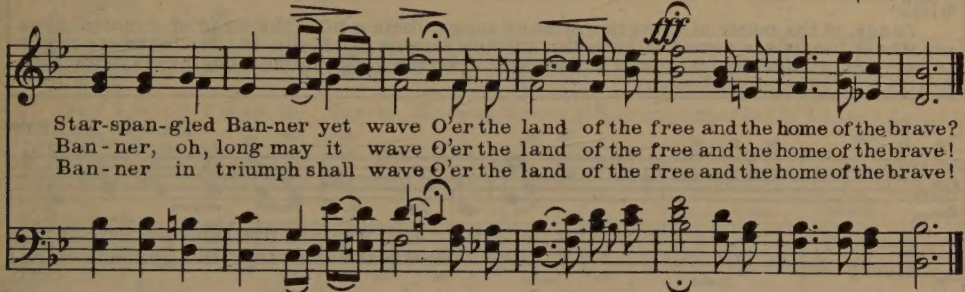
# The Star-Spangled Banner- Concluded

5

CHORUS *ff*



burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that morning's first beam; In full glo-ry re-lect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled



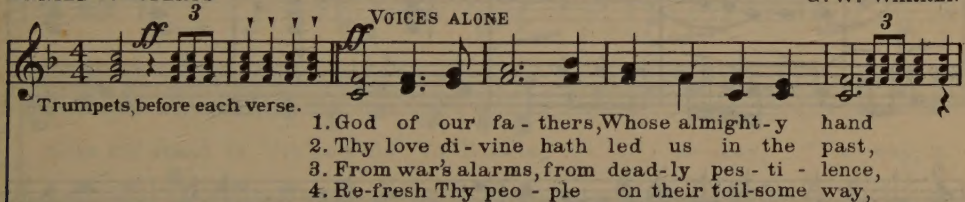
Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
Ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
Ban-ner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

## God of Our Fathers

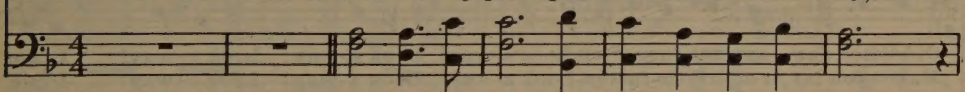
G. W. WARREN

VOICES ALONE



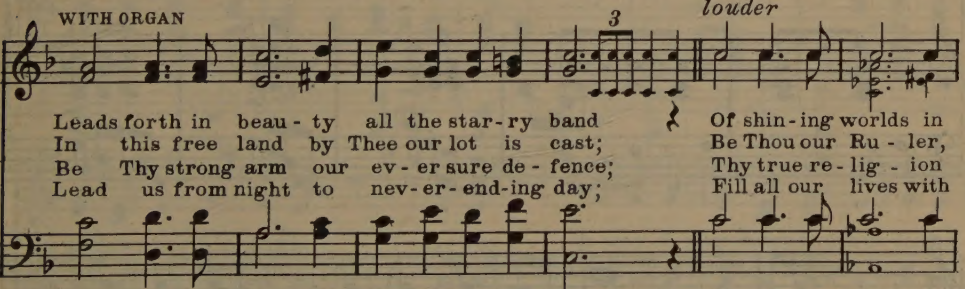
Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa - thers, Whose almighty hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's alarms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

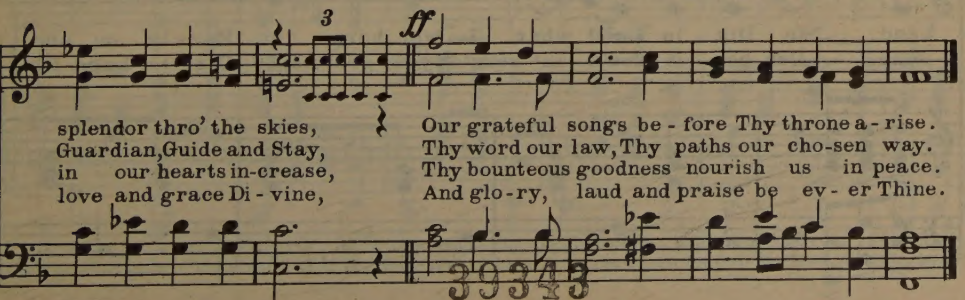


WITH ORGAN

*louder*



Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band      Of shin - ing worlds in  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;      Be Thou our Ru - ler,  
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er - sure de - fence;      Thy true re - lig - ion  
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;      Fill all our - lives with



splendor thro' the skies,  
Guardian, Guide and Stay,  
in our hearts in - crease,  
love and grace Di - vine,

Our grateful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.  
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ey - er Thine.



# Dixie

"Dixie Land" or "Dixie", as it is generally called, the most popular of the songs of the South, was written by Daniel D. Emmett, of Ohio. In 1859, Mr. Emmett was a member of "Bryant's Minstrels," then playing in New York. One Saturday evening he was asked by Mr. Bryant to furnish a new song to be used in the performances the following week. On Monday morning Mr. Emmett took to the rehearsal the words and music of "Dixie". The song soon became the favorite all over the land. In 1860, an entertainment was given in New Orleans. The leader had some difficulty in selecting a march for his chorus. After trying several he decided upon "Dixie". It was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the battle-fields, where it became the great, inspirational song of the Southern Army.

Many different words were written to the tune. Those by Albert Pike, of Arkansas, were much used and are, perhaps, the most worthy of mention.

Like "Yankee Doodle", (with which it holds a close place), the original words of "Dixie" voice no great patriotic sentiment, and the music is not of a lofty character. Yet, like its companion, its notes stirred the hearts and crystallized souls who fought for the "Flag of Dixie!"

Today, to the music of these two strange songs, there echoes the tread of a united people whose hearts are moved alike by the stirring strains, and who as they listen are ready to say with uplifted hands, bared brows, and reverent lips, "We give our heads and our hearts to God, and our Country."

D.D.E.

DAN D. EMMETT

*Lively*

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton,  
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter,

Old times dar am not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie  
Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fatter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie

Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one  
Land. Den hoe it down an' seratch your grabble, To Dix-ie Land I'm

frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!  
 bound to trabble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! (hooray) Hoo-ray! (hooray) In Dixie Land, I'll

take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A -  
 A-way, a-way,

way down south in Dixie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.  
 A-way, a-way,

In the chorus of Dixie, where the melody is given to the bass voices, the sopranos may take those notes two octaves higher than written, if it seems best to have the sopranos on the melody throughout the song.

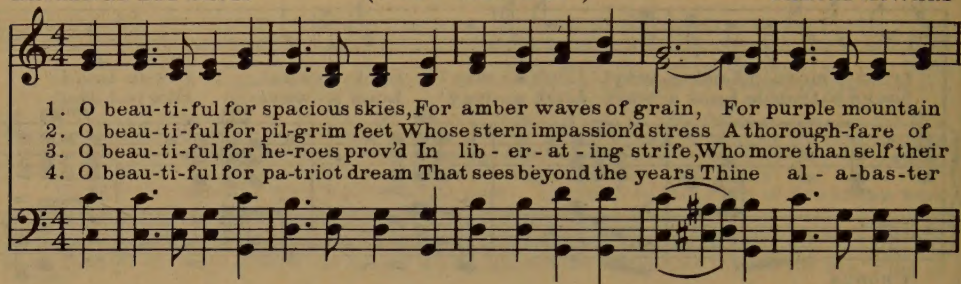


# America, the Beautiful

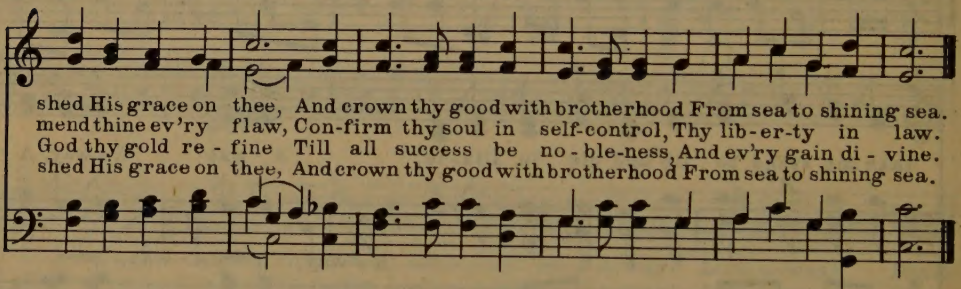
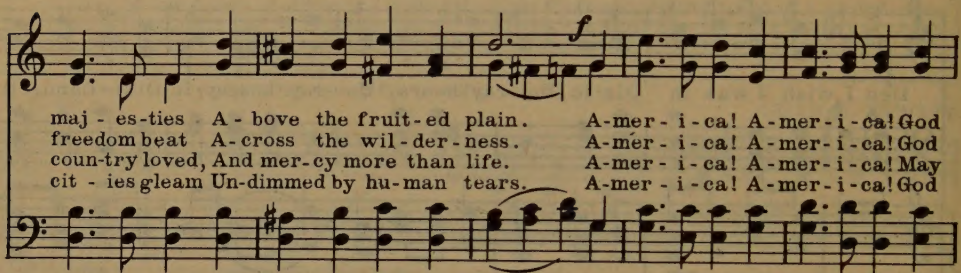
KATHERINE LEE BATES

(Tune "Materna")

SAMUEL A. WARD



maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God  
 free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God  
 coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May  
 cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God

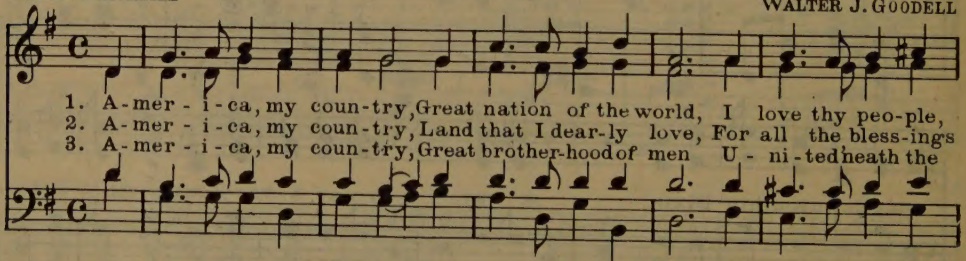


shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.  
 mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
 God thy gold re-fine Till all success be no-ble-ness, And ev'ry gain di-vine.  
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

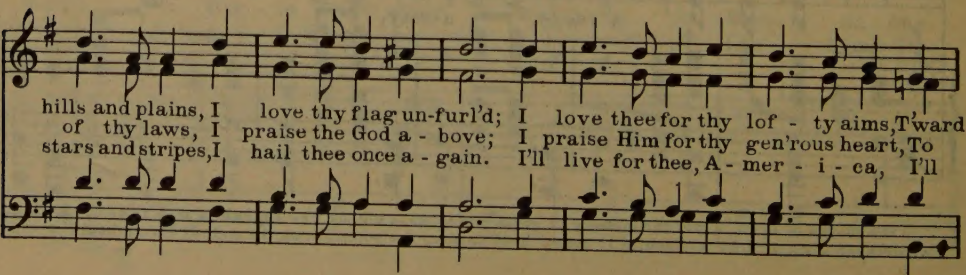
## America, My Country

NORMAN H. HALL

WALTER J. GOODELL



1. A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, Great nation of the world, I love thy peo-ple,  
 2. A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, Land that I dear-ly love, For all the bless-ings  
 3. A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, Great brother-hood of men U-ni-ted heath the

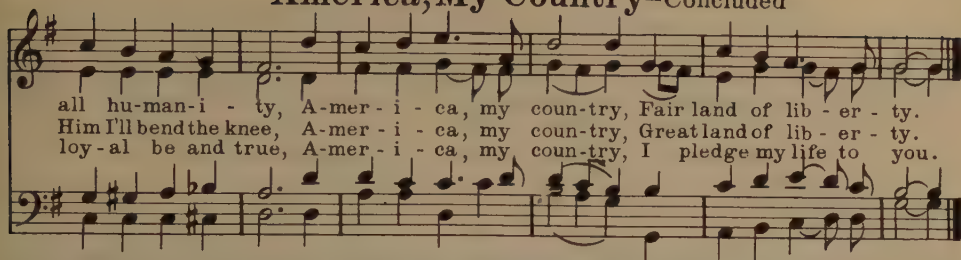


hills and plains, I love thy flag un-furl'd; I love thee for thy lof-ty aims, T'ward  
 of thy laws, I praise the God a-bove; I praise Him for thy gen'rous heart, To  
 stars and stripes, I hail thee once a-gain. I'll live for thee, A-mer-i-ca, I'll



# America, My Country—Concluded

9



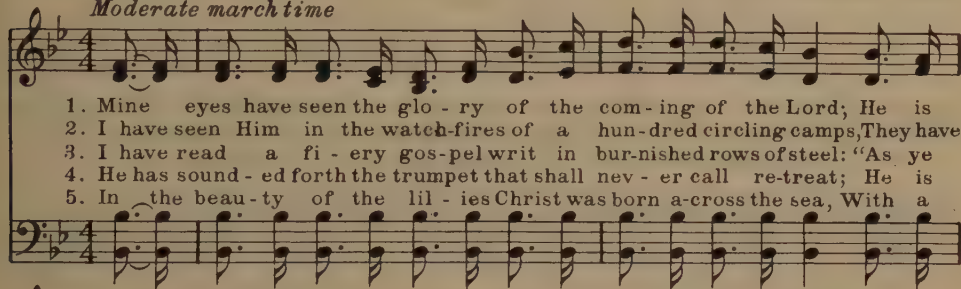
all hu-man-i - ty, A-mer-i - ca, my coun-try, Fair land of lib - er - ty.  
Him I'll bend the knee, A-mer-i - ca, my coun-try, Great land of lib - er - ty.  
loy-al be and true, A-mer-i - ca, my coun-try, I pledge my life to you.

## Battle Hymn of the Republic

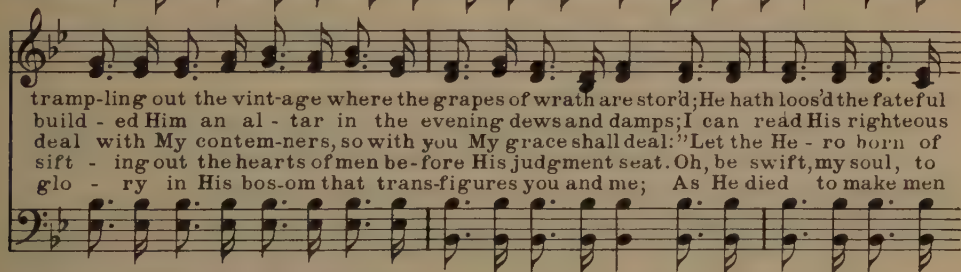
JULIA WARD HOWE

WILLIAM STEFFE

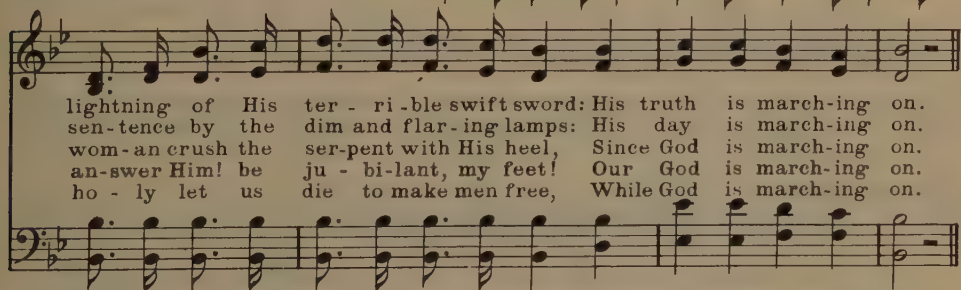
*Moderate march time*



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is  
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps, They have  
3. I have read a fi - ery gos-pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye  
4. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is  
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

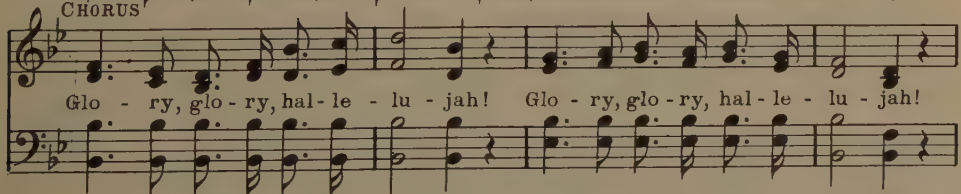


tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the fateful  
build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dew and damps; I can read His righteous  
deal with My contem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal: "Let the He - ro horn of  
sift - ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to  
glo - ry in His bos-om that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men

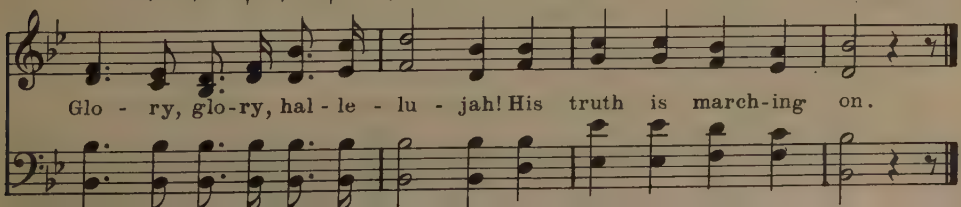


lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on.  
sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.  
wom-an crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.  
an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.  
ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

# Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean is of uncertain origin. The melody has been claimed as of English composition, under the name of "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." The text was written at the request of David T. Shaw for a benefit, by Thomas a'Becket of the Chestnut Street Theatre, who rearranged and added the present beginning and ending to it. The date has been given by the latter as the fall of 1843.

THOMAS A'BECKET

*Majestically*

- |                                            |                                        |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean,    | The home of the brave and the free,    |
| 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, | And threaten'd the land to de-form,    |
| 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither,  | O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; |

The shrine of each patriot's de-votion,	A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation,	Co-lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never wither,	Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,	When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-try a-round her,	When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
May thy serv-ice, u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er,	But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble,	When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her,	The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-m-y and na-vy for-ev-er,	Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue!	When borne by the red, white, and blue!
The boast of the red, white, and blue!	The boast of the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!	Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Thy ban-ners make tyran-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!  
 With her flag proudly floating be-fore her. The boast of the red, white, and blue!  
 The ar-my and na-vy for ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

M.K.

## Keller's American Hymn

MATTHIAS KELLER

*Majestically*

1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in path - ways of  
 2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -  
 3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this

*p* *cresc.*

jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
 roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Washing - ton led,  
 fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

*mf* *f*

Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our  
 Thunders our war - cry, "We conquer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our  
 Show that it still is for freedom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our

*Fine. mf* *D.S.*

coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
 coun - try and flag! Still as of yore when George Washing - ton led,  
 coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!



## Mighty Land, Wondrous Land

CLAIRE GOODELL

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD  
Arr. by Walter Goodell

1. Might - y land, won - drous land,  
2. Hap - py land, hand in hand,  
3. Day by day, this we pray:

Land of peace and plen - ty, Hear our song of praise.  
See thy chil - dren bid - ing; Love and friend ship reign.  
May thy glo - ries flour - ish. May we e'er be free.

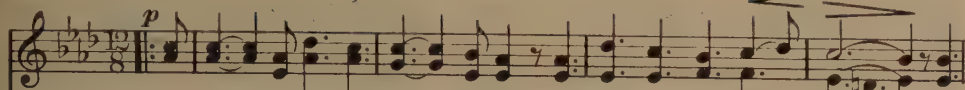
To thee, our be - lov - ed home land, Do we now our voic - es raise.  
And we strive that our fore - fa - thers Have not died for us in vain.  
Rise, A - mer - i - ca, and lead us On - ward to our des - ti - ny.

# To Thee, O Country!

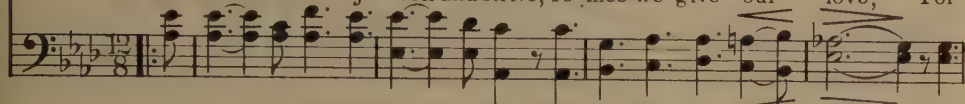
13

MRS. JOHN LANE

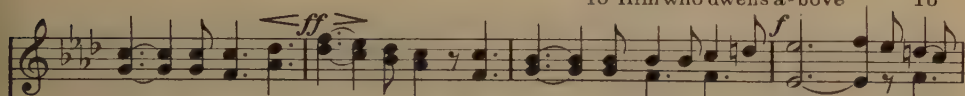
JULIUS EICHBERG



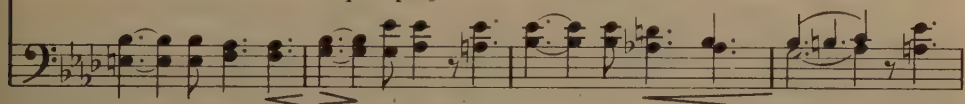
1. To thee O country great and free, With trusting hearts we cling; Our  
2. For thee we dai - ly work and strive, To thee we give our love; For



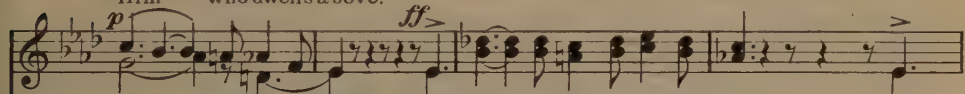
Thy pow'r and praises sing Thy  
To Him who dwells a - bove To



voice - es tuned by joy - ous love, Thy pow'r and prais - es sing Thy  
thee with fer - vor deep we pray To Him who dwells a - bove Who



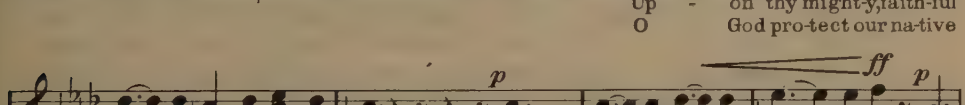
pow'r and prais - es sing.  
Him who dwells a - bove.



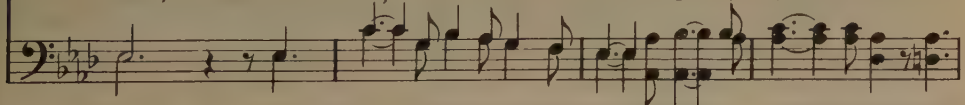
pow'r and prais - es sing. Up - on thy mighty, faith - ful heart, We  
dwells a - bove. O God pro - tect our native land, Let



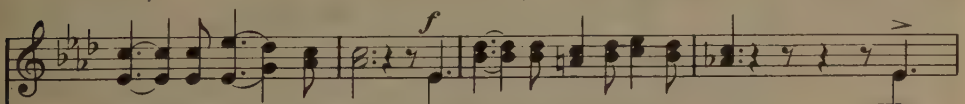
Up - on thy mighty, faith - ful  
O God pro - tect our native



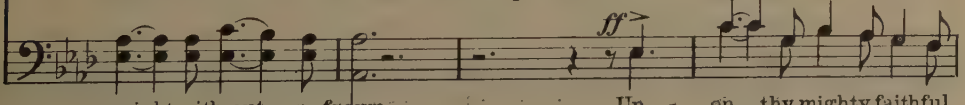
lay, we lay our bur - dens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their  
Peace, let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo - ry light the way to



heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their  
land, Let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo - ry light the way to



weight with - out a frown. Up - on thy mighty faithful heart, We  
make the whole world free! O God pro - tect our native land, Let



weight with - out a frown. Up - on thy mighty faithful  
make the whole world free! O God pro - tect our native

*p* *cresc.* *ff* *p*

lay, we lay our burdens down, Thou art the on-ly friend who feels their  
Peace, let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo-ry light the way to

heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on-ly friend who feels their  
land, Let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo-ry light the way to

1 2 *cresc.* *ff* *p*

weight with-out a frown.  
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!

weight with-out a frown.  
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!

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## O God, Our Help In Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS

WILLIAM CROFT

*Moderately*

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;  
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,  
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;  
5. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
Suf - fic - ient is Thine arm a - lone And our de - fence is sure.  
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.



# Keep The Home Fires Burning

15

LENA GUILBERT FORD

IVOR NOVELLO

*March time*

1. They were summon'd from the hill-side, They were call'd in from the glen, And the  
2. O - ver seas they came a-plead-ing, 'Help a na-tion in dis-tress!' And we

Coun-try found them ready at the stir-ring call for men (the stir-ring call for men)  
gave our glorious lad-dies; Honor bade us do no less, (and bade us do no less)

Let no tears add to their hard-ships, As the sol-diers pass a-long, And al-  
For no gal-lant son of free-dom To a ty-rant's yoke should bend; And a

though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer-y song.  
no-ble heart must an-swer To the sa-cred call of "Friend?"

## CHORUS

Keep the Home-fires burn-ing While your hearts are yearn-ing,  
There's a sil-ver lin-ing Thro' the dark clouds shin-ing,

Tho' your lads are far a-way They dream of home.  
Turn the dark cloud in-side out, Till the boys come home.

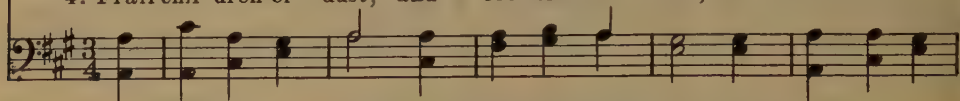
# O, Worship the King

SIR ROBERT GRANT

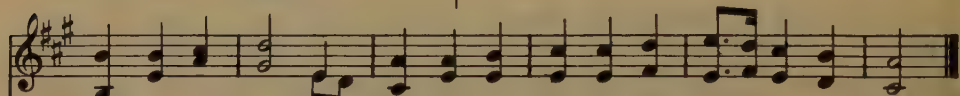
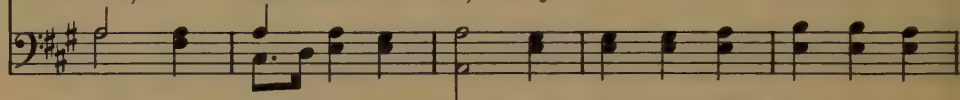
FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN



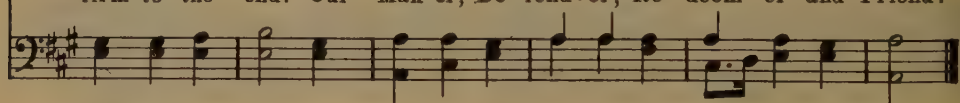
1. O, wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongues can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der-ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep  
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -  
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



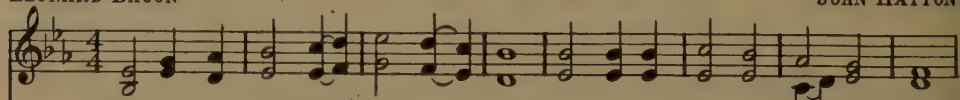
An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.  
thunder clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.



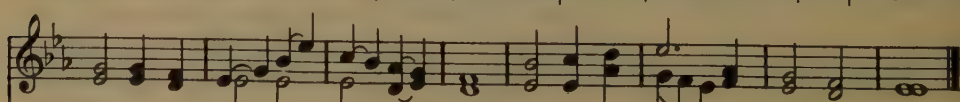
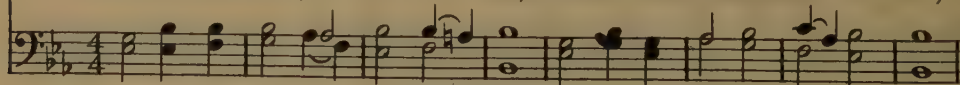
## O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON

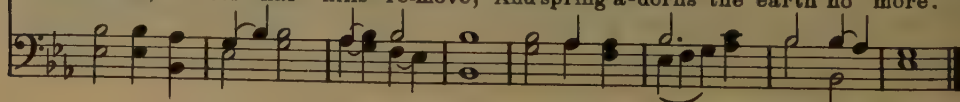
JOHN HATTON



1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fathers cross'd the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a - dore,



And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee.  
Shall onward, thro' all a - ges bear The mem'ry of that ho - ly hour.  
And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.  
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.



# The Spacious Firmament on High

JOSEPH ADDISON

(Creation)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -  
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre -vail The moon takes up the  
 3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter -

the - real sky, And span - gled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their  
 won - drous tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re -  
 res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A -

great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 peats the sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,  
 mid the ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r's dis - play, And pub - lish - es to  
 And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings  
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing

ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y Hand.  
 as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

## Oh Realm of Light

(Creation)

1. Oh realm of light! whose morning star  
 To Beth'hem's manger led the way,  
 Not yet upon our longing eyes  
 Shines the full splendor of thy day:  
 Yet still across the centuries fall,  
 Both strong and sweet, our Lord's command;  
 And still with steadfast faith we cry,  
 "Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

2. Oh realm of peace! whose music clear  
 Swept through Judea's starlit skies,  
 Still the harsh sounds of human strife  
 Break on thy heavenly harmonies:  
 Yet shall thy song of triumph ring  
 In full accord, from land to land,  
 And men with angels learn to sing,  
 "Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

EMILY H. MILLER



# Still, Still with Thee

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

E. MOSS

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morning break-eth, When the bird  
 2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn  
 3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its closing  
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing,  
 hush of na-ture new-ly born; A-lone with Thee, in  
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re- pose be-  
 wak-eth, and life's shadows flee; Oh! in that hour, fair-

love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee!  
 breathless a-dor-a-tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.  
 neath Thy wings o'ershading, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.  
 er than day-light dawning, Shall rise the glorious thot, I am with Thee!

## Evening Prayer

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

1. Soft-ly sighs the breath of evening, Stealing thro' the shadowy grove,  
 2. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, while we're sleep-ing, Send Thy guardian angels bright,  
 3. When the morning, gen-tly breaking, Tints the sky with golden rays,

While the stars, in hea-ven shin-ing, Keep their si-lent watch a-bove.  
 Faith-ful watch a-bove us keep-ing, To pro-TECT us thro' the night.  
 May Thy lov-ing children, wak-ing, Sing their Heav'n-ly Father's praise.

# Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star  
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warm this love  
 4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling hearts that burn for Thee

cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!  
 Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.  
 Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.  
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame!

## Cast Thy Burden Upon The Lord

(Arr. from Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Elijah")

*Slow and sustained*  
 Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord; and He shall sus - tain thee;

*louder* *p* He is at thy  
 He nev - er will suf - fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy  
 He is at thy

*right hand.* *louder*  
 right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the

*softer* *p*  
 heav'n's, Let none be made a - sham - ed, that wait up - on Thee!

## Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRY F. HEMY and J.G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,  
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!  
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

## REFRAIN

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

## The Lord Is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY

THOMAS KOSCHAT

Arr. by W. J. G.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures, safe  
 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no  
 3. In the midst of affliction my ta - ble is spread! With blessings unmeasured my  
 4. Let goodness and mercy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I

fold - ed I rest. He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Re - stores me when  
 e - vil I fear. Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm shall be -  
 cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a - nointest my head; O what shall I  
 meet Thee above. I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod, Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, re - deems when opprest, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when opprest.  
 fall me with my Comforter near, No harm shall be - fall me with my Comforter near.  
 ask of Thy providence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - idence more?  
 so - journ, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.



ANNA L. WARING

## In Heavenly Love Abiding

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*p* *cresc.* *f*

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -  
 2. Where - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be -  
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

*p* *louder*

fid - ing, For nothing chang - es here. The storm may roar with - out me,  
 side me, And nothing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,  
 o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been, My life I can - not meas - ure,  
 The storm may roar with - out me,  
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,  
 My life I can - not meas - ure,

*pp*

My heart may low be laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis -  
 His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with  
 The path of life is free; My Sav - ior has my treasure, And He will walk with

But God is round a - bout me, But  
 He knows the way He tak - eth, He  
 My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, My

And can I be dis - may'd?  
 And I will walk with Him.  
 And He will walk with me.

*louder f* *softer p*

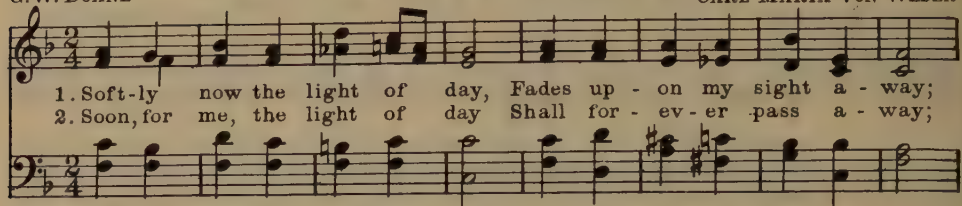
may'd? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?  
 Him; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
 me; My Sav - ior has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?  
 knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
 Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

## Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. DOANE

CARL MARIA VON WEBER



1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;



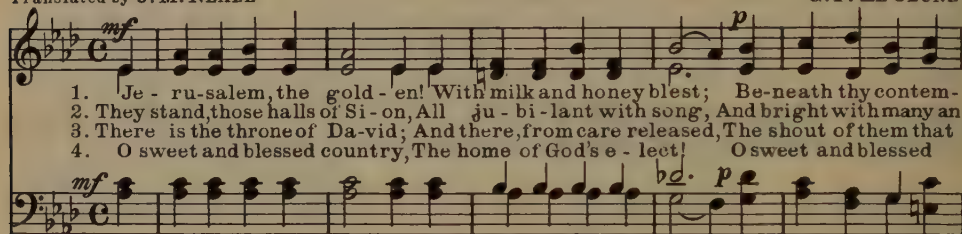
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.  
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

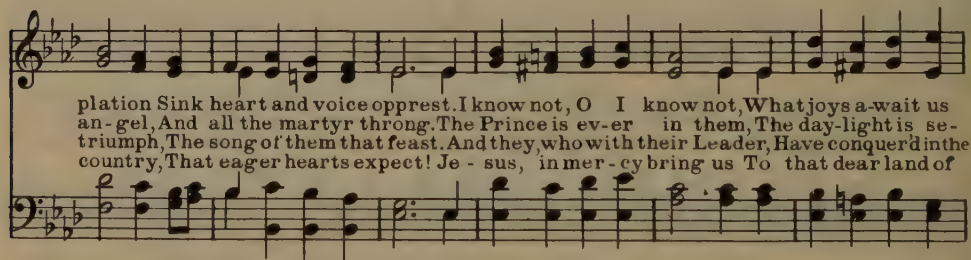
## Jerusalem, the Golden

Translated by J. M. NEALE

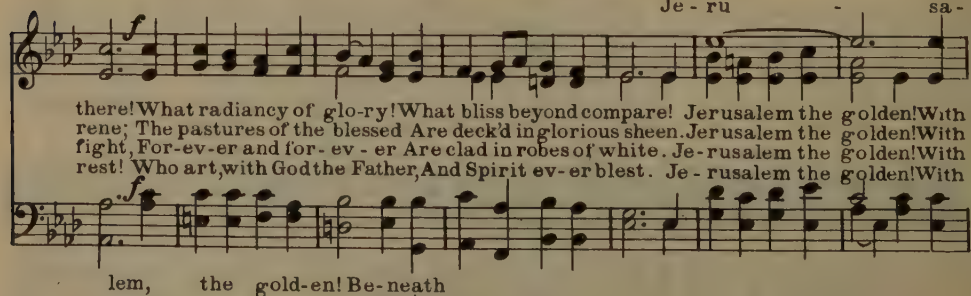
G. F. LE JEUNE



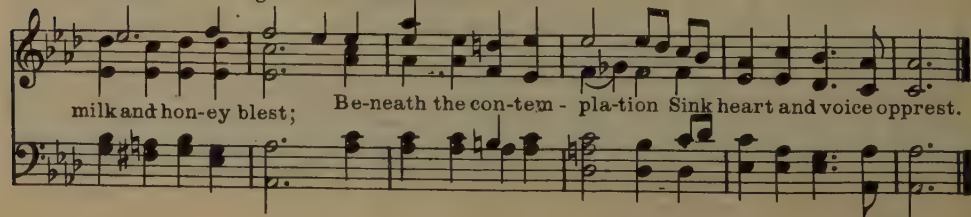
1. Je - ru - salem, the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Be - neath thy con-tem-  
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an  
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The shout of them that  
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e - leet! O sweet and blessed



plation Sink heart and voice oppress. I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us  
an - gel, And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se -  
triumph, The song of them that feast. And they, who with their Leader, Have conquer'd in the  
country, That eager hearts expect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of



Je - ru - sa -  
there! What radiancy of glo - ry! What bliss beyond compare! Jerusalem the golden! With  
rene; The pastures of the blessed Are deck'd in glorious sheen. Jerusalem the golden! With  
fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Je - ru - salem the golden! With  
rest! Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest. Je - ru - salem the golden! With




lem, the gold - en! Be - neath  
milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath the con - tem - plation Sink heart and voice oppress.




# Day Is Dying in the West

MARY A. LATHBURY


WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing  
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -  
 3. While the deep-'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en -  
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars the

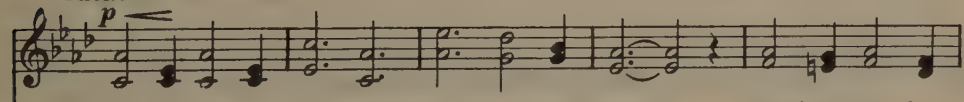


earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night  
 verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face,  
 fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace  
 day the night; Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

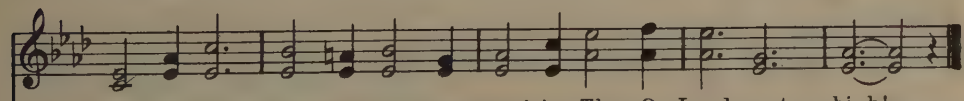


Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.  
 To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.  
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.  
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

## CHORUS



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

# Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of All Nature

ANONYMOUS. FROM 12TH CENTURY (Crusaders Hymn)

GERMAN AIR

1. Fair-est Lord Je- sus, Ru-ler of all na- ture, O Thou of God and man the  
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the blooming garb of  
 3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star-ry

Son, Thee will I cher- ish, Thee will I hon- or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.  
 spring; Je- sus is fair- er, Je- sus is pur- er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.  
 host; Je- sus shines brighter, Je- sus shines purer, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

## Hark! the Vesper Hymn Is Stealing

THOMAS MOORE

RUSSIAN AIR

*Moderately*

1. Hark! the ves- per hymn is steal- ing O'er the wa- ters soft and clear;  
 2. Now like moonlight waves re- treat- ing To the shore it dies a- long;

Near- er yet and near- er peal- ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.  
 Now like an- gry sur- ges meet- ing, Breaks the min- gled tide of song.

*f*  
 Ju- bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.  
 Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

*p* *pp*  
 Far - ther now, now far - ther steal- ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
 Hark! a - gain, like waves re- treat- ing, To the shore, it dies a - long.



# Gloria Patri

Palestrina was born in the ancient town of Palestrina, near Rome in about 1524. In 1571 he was appointed chapelmaster of St. Peter's in Rome, and soon after became composer to the Papal choir. Palestrina's work is among the greatest in choral music. A great many of his choruses are used today, but probably the most frequently used one is "Gloria Patri," one of the forms of which is given below.

English adaptation by MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

G. P. PALESTRINA

*Quickly with vivacity* *pp*

Glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,  
Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise. Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise

*f* *pp*

glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,  
Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise

*mf*

et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to, spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to,  
May Thy peace come down from above, May thy peace come from above.

*pp* *f*

et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to, et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to.  
Fill our hearts with Thy great love. Fill our hearts with Thy great love. A-men.

## From Ill Do Thou Defend Me

*Majestically*

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

*f*

1. From ill do Thou de-fend me; Receive me, lead me home; Thy love full oft in  
2. New blessings dai-ly send me; From Thee all good things come.

kind-ness hath milk and honey giv'n; O heal my mortal blindness, And fix my heart on Heav'n

# Unfold, Ye Portals

(From the oratorio "The Redemption")

ADAPTED FROM PSALM XXIV

CHARLES GOUNOD

*Moderately*

*f*

§

Un - fold, — un - fold, — un - fold, ye portals ever -

8

§

*ff*

*f*

last - ing, un - fold, — un - fold, — un - fold, — ye portals ev - er -

last - ing, With welcome to re - ceive — Him as - cend - ing on

3

3

3

# Unfold, Ye Portals—Continued

27

high! ————— Behold the King of Glo - ry! He mounts up thro' the

sky, ————— Back to the heav'nly mansions hast - 'ning. Un-

fold, un - fold, un - fold, ————— for lo, the

This musical score is for a hymn titled "Unfold, Ye Portals—Continued". It is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems, each with vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "high! ————— Behold the King of Glo - ry! He mounts up thro' the sky, ————— Back to the heav'nly mansions hast - 'ning. Un-fold, un - fold, un - fold, ————— for lo, the". The piano accompaniment features various musical notations, including triplets, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes. The score is printed on aged, yellowed paper.



## Unfold, Ye Portals-Continued

King comes nigh. — nigh. — But who is

(Omit 1st time)

He, — the King — of Glo - ry? Hewho Death over-

came, — the Lord in battle might - y.

# Unfold, Ye Portals-Concluded

But who is He,— the King— of Glo- ry? Or

*pp* *f*

hosts He is the Lord; \_\_\_\_\_ of angels and of powers:— the King of

Glo- ry is the King of the saints. Un-

*D.C. %* *D.C. %* *D.C. %*

*3 cresc. 3*

## The Heavens Resound

ANDREAS HOFER

ARRANGED FROM BEETHOVEN

1. The heav'ns resound with His prais-es e - ter-nal, In might and  
 2. The Lord is God! He is King of ere - a - tion; In His right

glo-ry they com-bine To tell His name thro' earth and the oceans That man may  
 hand He holds them all; His chil-dren, we, in love and de - vot-ion, Be-fore His

hear the word di - vine. He holds the suns in the blue vaulted  
 might and pow-er fall. O Fa - ther, hear! we Thy sons bring our



# The Heavens Resound-Conclusion

heav - ens,  
bless - ings,

He plants His foot up - on the world;  
Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we raise;

The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The u - ni - verse His  
The heav'n's re-sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a - dore! and

hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd.  
sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

# But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own

ADAPTED FROM THE PSALMS  
AND THE EPISTLES OF PAUL.

(From the Oratorio "St. Paul")

(UNISON)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*Moderately slow* ♩ = 76

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re-mem-bers His chil-

dren. But the Lord is mindful of His own; The Lord remem-bers His

chil-dren, re-mem-bers His chil-dren.

Bow down before Him, ye might-y, for the Lord is

## But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own—Concluded

*cresc.*

near us! Bow down before Him, ye might - y, For the Lord is

*f* *p* *fp* *cresc.*

*f* *p*

near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own; He re -

*f* *p*

*cresc.*

mem-bers His chil - dren. Bow down before Him, ye might-y, for the

*cresc.* *f*

*f*

Lord is near us!

★

★



# Lift Thine Eyes

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" of which the selection "Lift Thine Eyes" is one of the most popular, was first performed in 1846 at a festival given in Birmingham, England.

The oratorio is divided into two parts. The first tells of the prophet Elijah's experiences up to the time when his offering on Mount Carmel is consumed by fire sent from heaven and the rain falls upon the drought-stricken land. The second part portrays Elijah's life until he is carried to heaven in a fiery chariot. The entire oratorio is intensely dramatic.

Mendelssohn spent many years in its preparation, for, even as he worked upon it, he realized that it was to be his masterpiece. From the composition of the music, he took the keenest pleasure. It was his last great composition, for at the time of its first performance, Mendelssohn was losing strength which led to his death in 1847.

F. M. *With a quick motion*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*p* *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence

*sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence

*sf* *p*

to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence.

com-eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth

com-eth, whence com-eth help, Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the

com-eth, whence com-eth help, Thy help com - eth from the

from the Lord, the ma-ker of heav-en and earth He hath

Lord from the Lord the ma-ker of heav-en and earth He hath

Lord the ma - ker of heav-en and earth He hath

# Lift Thine Eyes—Concluded

35

said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber

said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er

said thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er

nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, nev-er slum - - - ber.

slum - ber nev-er, will nev-er slum - - - - ber

slum - ber nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com-eth, whence

com - eth help, whence com-eth, whence cometh, whence com- eth help.

com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.

com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.

## O Rest In The Lord

ADAPTED FROM THE 37th PSALM

(From the oratorio "Elijah")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*slowly* *p*

O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him and He shall

*pp*

give thee thy heart's de-sires; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-

sires. Commit thy way un-to Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way un-

to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self because of e-vil



# O Rest In The Lord—Concluded

37

do-ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires. O rest in the Lord, O rest in the

Lord, and wait, wait pa-tient-ly for Him.

# Lovely Appear

ADAPTED FROM ISAIAH LII:7 (From the oratorio "The Redemption")

*With a slow motion*

CHARLES GOUNOD

*mp* SOPRANO CHORUS

Love-ly ap - pear

o - ver the mountains The feet of them that

preach, and bring good news of peace, The feet of them that preach, and

*p* ALTO CHORUS

bring good news of peace. — Love - ly ap - pear

o - ver the

moun-tains The feet of them that preach, — and bring good news of peace, The

*p* UNISON

feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace, —

Love - ly ap -

# Lovely Appear - Concluded

pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and

bring good news of peace, Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.



## Largo

THOMAS WILLIAMS

(From the Opera, Xerxes)

GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL

*Very slowly*

*p*

Fa - - - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a -

*p*

dor-ing bow, O Thou Al-might-y One, Hear Thou our pray'r; Strengthen our

*mf* *p*

faith; With hope in - spire our hearts, Flaming our souls with love

*f*

*pp* **Largo— Continued**

Like un - to Thine. Then — shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro -

*f* claim that God our Lord — is God a-lone, And ho - ly,

*p* ho - ly is His name, — And ho - ly is His name;

*ff* God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

*ff* God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

# —The Lost Chord—

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, one of the best known of English composers, was born in London in 1842. His songs and hymns, also his light operas written in conjunction with Sir W. S. Gilbert are sung and loved everywhere. "The Lost Chord"; "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Mikado" are the most popular of his compositions. Sullivan was knighted in recognition of his musical work. He died in London in 1900.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

*Moderately quick*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

TENORS AND BASSES IN UNISON

Seat-ed one day at the Or-gan, I was

The first vocal line is written for Tenors and Basses in unison. It begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "Seat-ed one day at the Or-gan, I was". The piano accompaniment starts with a chord marked 'p' (piano) and continues with a series of chords and single notes, including a section marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano).

wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered i - dly O-ver the nois-y

The second vocal line continues the melody with the lyrics "wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered i - dly O-ver the nois-y". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a section marked 'p' (piano).

keys. I knew not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I

The third vocal line concludes the phrase with the lyrics "keys. I knew not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a section marked 'p' (piano).



# The Lost Chord-Continued

struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the

sound of a great A - men.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An - gel's

Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir - it With a touch of in-fi-nite

## The Lost Chord-Continued

calm. It qui-et-ed pain and sorrow, Like love o-ver-coming strife; It

seemed the harmonious ech - o From our dis-cordant life. It linked all perplexed

meanings In-to one perfect peace, And trembled a-way in-to sil-ence, As

if it were loth to cease I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the fourth line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are: 'calm. It qui-et-ed pain and sorrow, Like love o-ver-coming strife; It seemed the harmonious ech - o From our dis-cordant life. It linked all perplexed meanings In-to one perfect peace, And trembled a-way in-to sil-ence, As if it were loth to cease I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That'.

# The Lost Chord-Continued

one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And

en - tered in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright

ALL THE VOICES

an - gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in

heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright



# The Lost Chord-Concluded

an - gel will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a forte (ff) dynamic. The third system features a vocal line with a long note and a piano accompaniment.

## Ah, 'Tis A Dream

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE

EDWARD LASSEN

1. My na-tive land a-gain it meets my eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on  
2. And now when far in dis-tant lands I roam My heart will wan-der to my

high, The vi - o-lets greet-ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.  
home, But while these fan-cies teem, Ah! 'tis a dream.

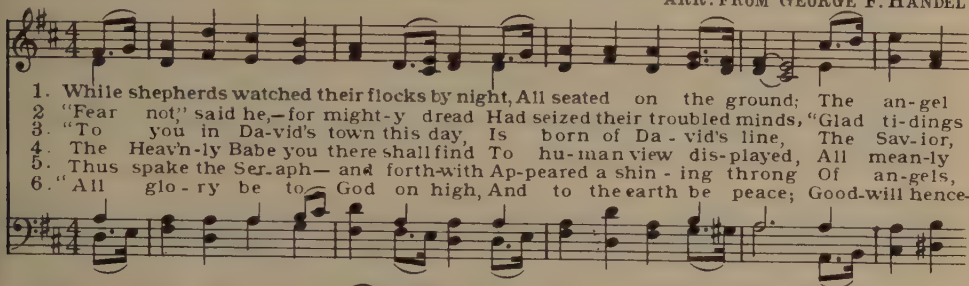
The musical score is in 4/4 time and consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

# While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

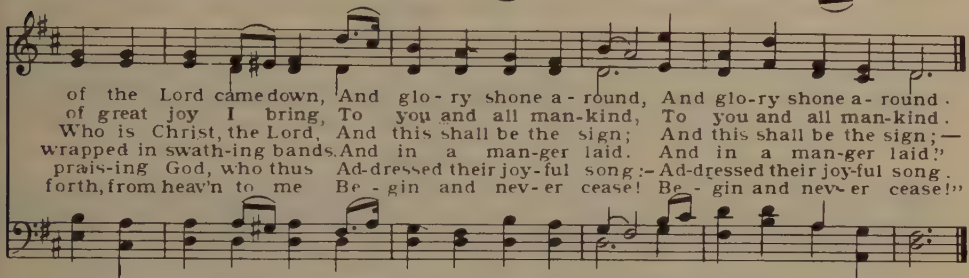
47

NAHUM TATE

ARR. FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel  
 2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled minds, "Glad ti-dings  
 3. "To you in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Sav-ior, The  
 4. The Heavn-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly  
 5. Thus spake the Ser-aph— and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng Of an-gels,  
 6. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-

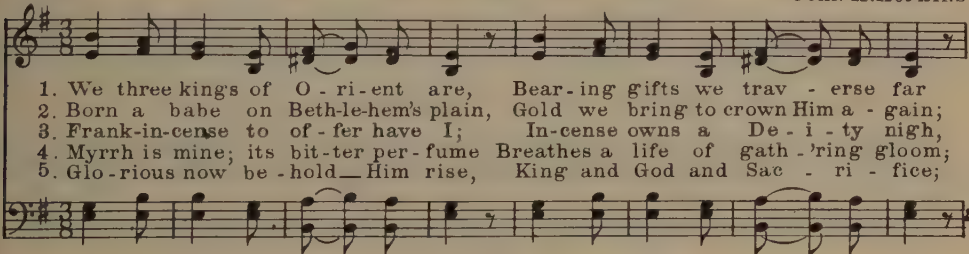


of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.  
 of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.  
 Who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign; And this shall be the sign;—  
 wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid!"  
 prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song:—Ad-dressed their joy-ful song.  
 forth, from heav'n to me Be-gin and nev-er cease! Be-gin and nev-er cease!"

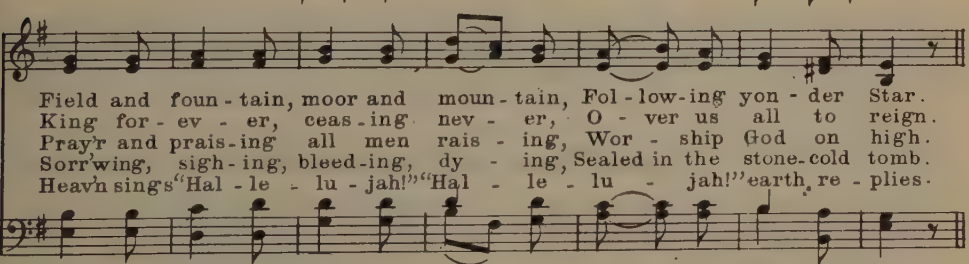
## We Three Kings of Orient Are

J. H. H.

JOHN H. HOPKINS

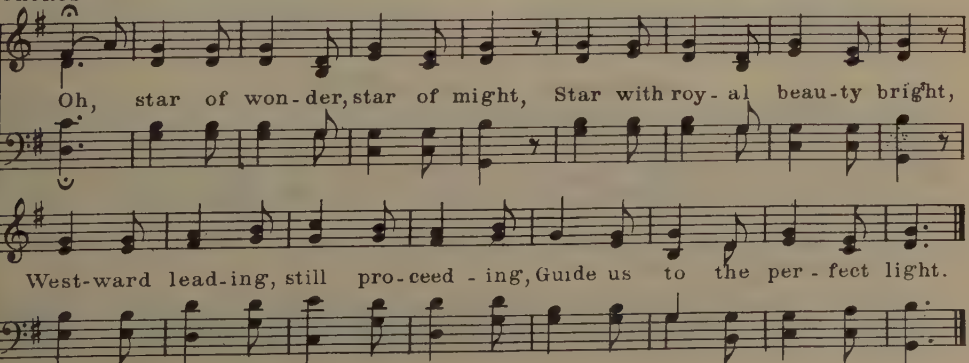


1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse far  
 2. Born a babe on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a-gain;  
 3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I; In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh,  
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath-er-ing gloom;  
 5. Glo-rious now be-hold—Him rise, King and God and Sac-ri-fice;



Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der Star.  
 King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er, O-ver us all to reign.  
 Pray'r and prais-ing all men rais-ing, Wor-ship God on high.  
 Sorrow-ing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.  
 Heav'n sings "Hal-le-lu-jah!" "Hal-le-lu-jah!" earth, re-plies.

CHORUS



Oh, star of won-der, star of might, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,  
 West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to the per-fect light.

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

This hymn is supposed to have been written during the 13th century. It is one of the most popular of the old Latin Hymns and is used in all Christian Churches especially at Christmas. The author of the words is unknown. It was translated by F. Oakley, in 1841. The music is supposed to have been written by John Reading, an English organist of the 18th century.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to  
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul - ta-tion, Sing, all ye ci - tiz-ens of

A-des-te, fi - de - les, Læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in

Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of Angels: O come, let us a-heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God — In the highest, glo-ry! O come let us a-

Beth-le-hem, Na-tum vi - de - te, Re-gem an-ge - lo-rum. Ve-ni-te, a-do-

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

remus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re - mus Do - mi-num.

## How Firm a Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
What more can He say than to you  
He hath said,  
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?  
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

## Luther's Cradle Hymn

(Away in a Manger)

MARTIN LUTHER

J. B. HERBERT

Arr. by J.W.B.

1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The  
2. The cat - tle are low - ing; the Ba - by a - wakes; But



lit-tle Lord Je-sus lay down His sweet head. The stars in the heav-ens Looked  
lit-tle Lord Je-sus no cry-ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je-sus Look  
down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus a - sleep on the hay.  
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.

PHILLIPS BROOKS **O, Little Town of Bethlehem** LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie;  
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove,  
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The Won-drous Gift is giv'n!  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si-lent stars go by:  
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.  
So God im-parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n.  
Cast out our sin, and en-ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-last-ing Light;  
O morn-ing stars, to geth-er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth;  
No ear may hear His com-ing, But in this world of sin,  
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad tid-ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him, still The dear Christ en-ters in.  
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E-man-u - el.

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear

EDWIN H. SEARS

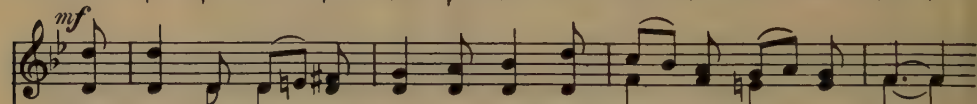
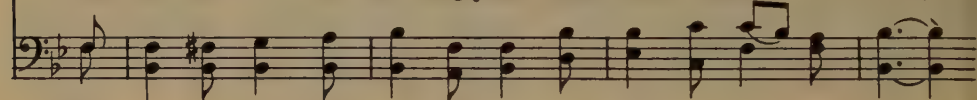
RICHARD S. WILLIS



1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,



From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:  
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Shall come the time fore - told,



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"  
A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov-ering wing,  
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,



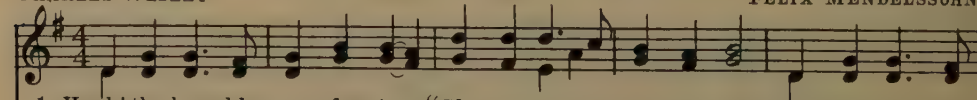
The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.



## Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN



1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ever-last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eousness! Light and life to



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,  
hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa-vored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;  
all He brings, Rish'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in  
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i - ty Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Im-  
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem,"  
man-u - el! } Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"  
sec-ond birth.

TRADITIONAL Glad Christmas Bells TRADITIONAL

1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu-sic tells The sweet and pleasant sto-ry;  
2. No pal-ace hall its ceil-ing tall His king-ly head spread o-ver,  
3. Nor rai-ment gay, as there He lay, A-dorn'd the in-fant stranger;  
4. But from a-far, a splendid star The wise men westward turning;

How came to earth, in low-ly birth, The Lord of life and glo-ry.  
There on-ly stood a sta-ble rude The heav-enly Babe to cov-er.  
Poor, hum-ble Child of moth-er mild, She laid Him in a man-ger.  
The live-long night saw pure and bright, A-bove His birth place burn-ing.

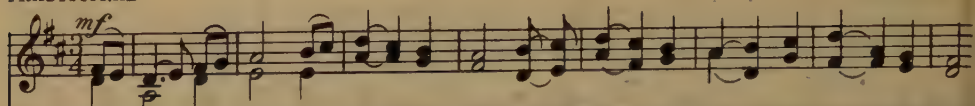


# The First Noel

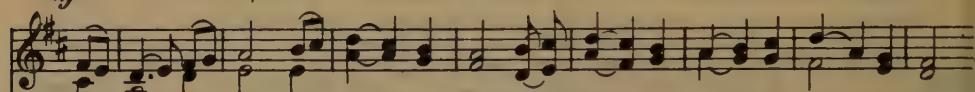
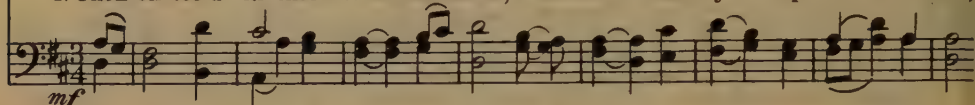
The term Noel is a French word meaning Christmas and is derived from the Latin "natalis" meaning birthday. The songs sung during the Christmas season were known as "Noels", "Nowels" or "Nowells", these names being equivalent to "Carols" in English.

TRADITIONAL

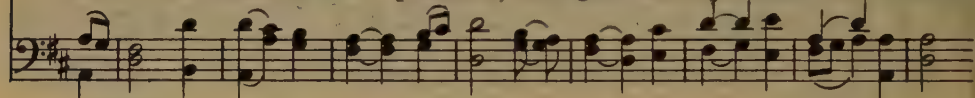
TRADITIONAL



1. The first No - el the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay.
2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shining in the East beyond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth-le-hem it took its rest,
4. Then en-ter'd in there Wise-men three, Full rev-'rent-ly up-on their knee,



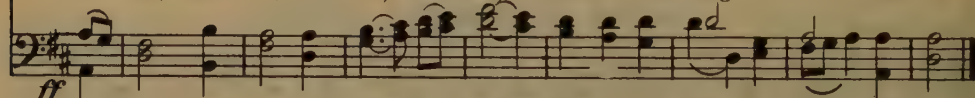
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep.  
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.  
And there it did both stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.  
And of-fer'd there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-incense



CHORUS



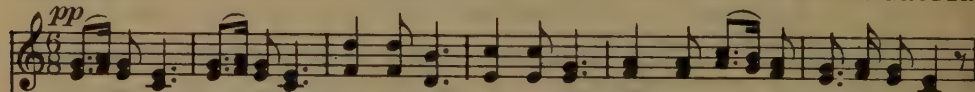
No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.



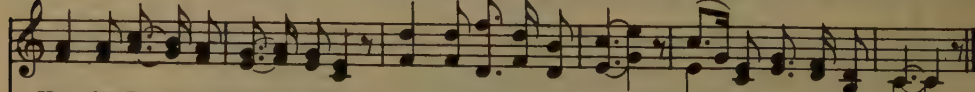
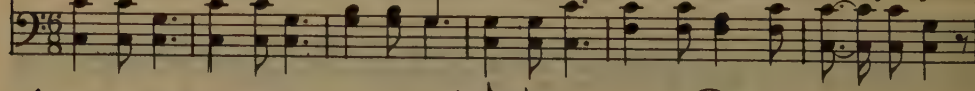
## Silent Night

JOSEPH MOHR

FRANZ GRUBER



1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon virgin mother and Child!
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven a-far,
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face!



Ho - ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace.  
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!  
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.



# Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL  
Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;— Let  
 2. Joy to the world! The Sav- ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;— While  
 3. No more let sin and sor- row grow, Nor thorns in- fest the ground;— He  
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na- tions prove— The

ev - 'ry heart pre- pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-  
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far  
 glo-ries of His righteous-ness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and nature

heav'n and na- ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
 won- ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

## I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa- mil- iar car- ols play;  
 2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel- fies of all Chris- ten- dom  
 3. And in despair I bow'd my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,  
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;  
 5. Till, ring- ing, sing- ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.  
 Had roll'd a- long th' un- bro- ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.  
 "For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men?"  
 The wrong shall fail, the right pre- vail, With peace on earth, good will to men!  
 A voice, a chime, a chant sub- lime, Of peace on earth, good will to men!

## Cantique de Noël

(O Holy Night)

ADOLPHE ADAM

*Slowly and majestically*

1. O ho - ly  
2. Led by the  
3. Tru-ly He

night! — the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the  
light — of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing  
taught us to love — one an - oth - er; His law is

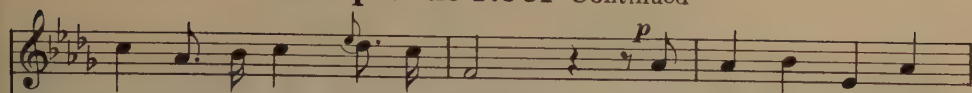
night of the dear Sav-iour's birth;  
hearts by His cra - dle we stand;  
love, and His gos - pel is peace;

Long lay the  
So led by  
Chains shall He

world — in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till He ap -  
light of a star — sweet-ly gleam - ing, Here came the  
break, for the slave — is our bro - ther, And in His

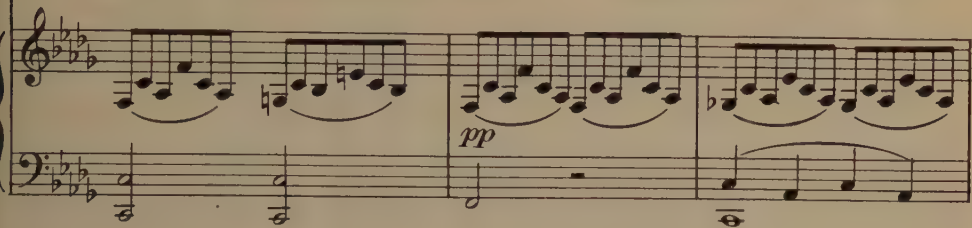


# Cantique de Noel-Continued

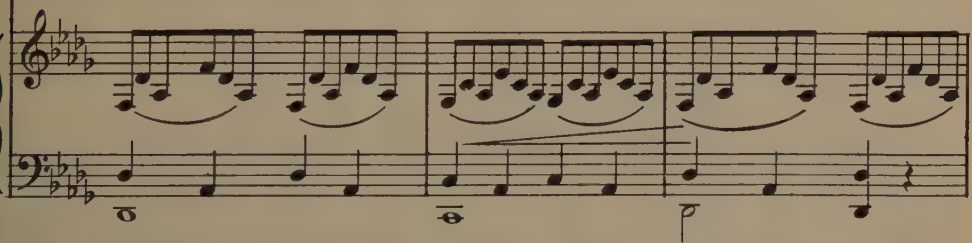


peared and the soul felt its worth.  
wise men from O - ri - ent land.  
name all op - pres - sion shall cease.

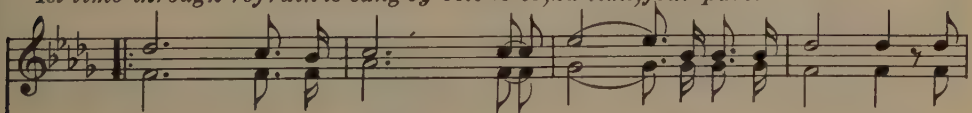
A thrill of hope the  
The King of kings lay  
Sweet hymns of joy in



wea - ry soul re-joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glorious morn;  
thus in low - ly man-ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend;  
grate-ful cho-rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name;

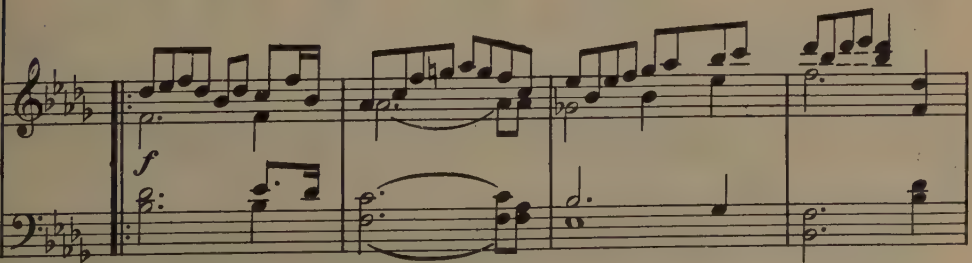


*1st time through refrain is sung by solo voice, 2d time, four part.*



Fall on your knees,  
He knows our need,  
Christ is the Lord,

Oh, hear the an-gel voi - ces! O  
To our weak - ness is no stran-ger. Be-  
Oh, praise His name for-ev - er! His



## Cantique de Noël—Concluded

night — di - vine, — O night — when Christ was born! O  
 hold — your King, — be - fore — Him low - ly bend! Be -  
 pow'r — and glo - - - ry ev - er - more pro - claim! His

1  
 night — O ho - ly night O night di - vine!  
 hold — your King — be - fore Him low - ly bend!  
 pow'r — and glo - ry ev - er - more pro - claim!

2  
 night, O ho - ly night, O night di - vine!  
 hold your King be - fore him low - ly bend!  
 pow'r and glo - ry ev - er - more pro - claim!

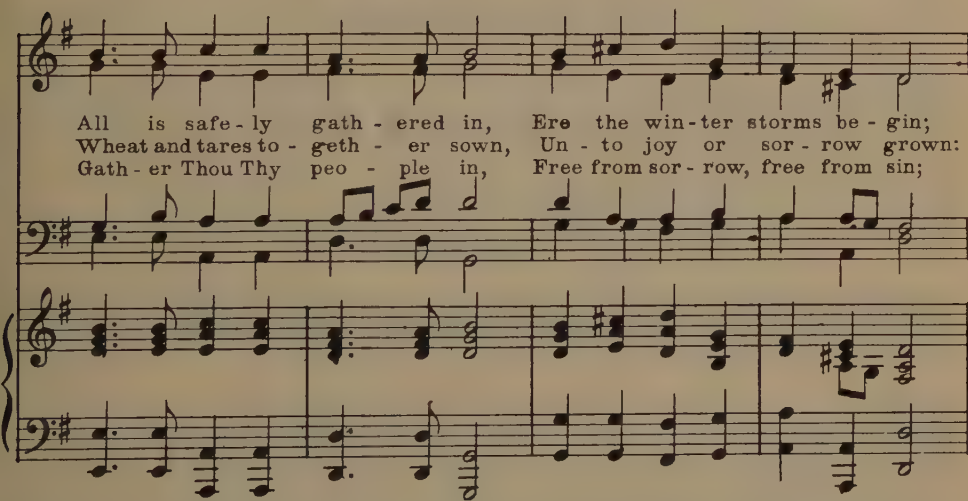
# Come Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD

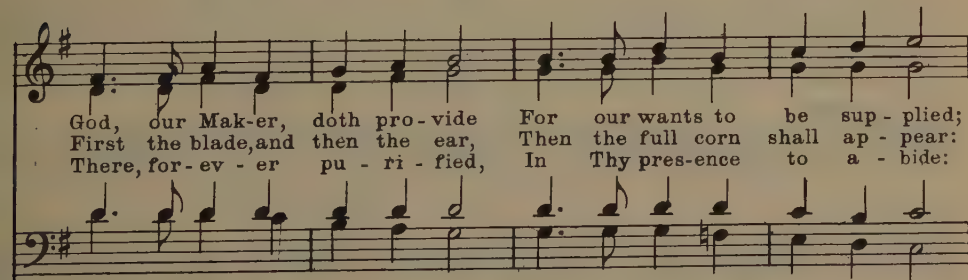
GEORGE J. ELVEY



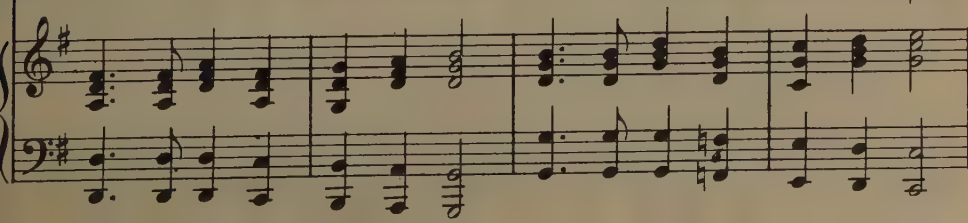
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home:  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit to His great praise to yield;  
 3. Ev-en so, Lord, quick-ly come, Hold Thy fi-nal har-vest-home;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;  
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:  
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:  
 There, for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:





# Come Ye Thankful People-Concluded

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.  
Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.  
Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

JOHN NEAL

## Good King Wenceslas

TRADITIONAL

*Moderately quick*

CH0. 1. Good King Wences-las look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay  
TEN.S. 2. Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell-ing; Yon-der peas-ant  
TEN.S. 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er; Thou and I will  
TEN.S. 4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I  
CH0. 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ted; Heat was in the

round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven; Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost w-  
who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the  
see him dine When we bear them thither." Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to  
know not how, I can go no long-er." "Mark my footsteps, my good page Tread thou in them  
ver-y sod Which the saint had printed; Therefore, Christian men, besure, Wealth or rank pos-

*a little slower*

cru-el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu-el.  
mountain; Right a-against the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain.  
geth-er; Thro' the rude wind's wild lament And the bit-ter weath-er.  
bold-ly: Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold-ly.  
sess-ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless-ing.

# Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today

CHARLES WESLEY

"LYRA DAVIDICA"

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 3. Lives a-gain our glo-ri-ous King:  
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led,

Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and  
 Christ has burst the  
 Where, O death, is  
 Fol-lowing our ex-

an - gels say:  
 gates of hell:  
 now thysting?  
 alt - ed Head:

Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
 Death in vain for - bids His rise;  
 Once He died our souls to save:  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;

Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply.  
 Christ has opened Par-a-dise.  
 Where thy vic-tory, O grave?  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Al - le - lu - ia!

## Hark! Ten Thousand Voices

T. KELLY

(St. Oswald)

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Hark! ten thousand voi-ces sound-ing, Far and wide thro' - out the sky;  
 2. Je - sus lives, His con-flict o - ver, Lives to claim His great re-ward;  
 3. Yon - der throne for Him e - rect - ed Now becomes the Vic-tor's seat;  
 4. All the pow'rs of heav'n a-dore Him, All o - bey His sovereign word;

'Tis the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je-sus lives no more to die.  
 An - gels round the Vic - tor hov-er, Crowding to be - hold their Lord.  
 Lo, the Man on earth re-ject-ed, An-gels wor-ship at His feet!  
 Day and night they cry be-fore Him, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"

## Schubert's Serenade

The name of Franz Peter Schubert, the great Vienna composer, is always associated with song. Other composers of his time gave their thoughts to the composition of operas, oratorios, symphonies, etc., and while Schubert also composed a few of these, he chose the song as the means for expression of his choicest musical thought. During his short lifetime of but thirty-one years (1797-1828), he composed over six hundred songs. His "Serenade" has always been popular. Another of his songs, "The Linden Tree" is given on another page.

TRANSLATION

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. Thro' the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;  
 2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus - tling low;

To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing  
 Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing



# Schubert's Serenade-Continued

love hath led my feet.  
Dear - est let us go.

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us tho' a -  
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to

part, thee, Link us tho' a - part. On the breath of  
While I sing to thee. And the night for

# Schubert's Serenade-Continued

mu - sic steal - ing  
love is giv - en

To thy dream - ing heart,  
Dear - est come to me,

To thy dream - ing heart.  
Dear - est come to me.

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing

Wails the whippoor

# Schubert's Serenade-Concluded

63

will; And the heart for thee is yearn-ing;

Bid— it, love, be still, Bid— it, love, be

still. Bid it, love be still.

pp



# A Merry Life

(Funiculi, Funicula)

FROM THE ITALIAN

LUIGI DENZA

*Rapidly and with spirit* ♩ = 96

*f* SOLO

1. Some think \_\_\_\_\_

2. Ah, me! \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

*p*

— the world is made for fun and frolic, — And so do I! —  
— 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, — And like it well! —

CHORUS

*f* SOLO

— And so do I! \_\_\_\_\_ Some think \_\_\_\_\_ it well to  
— And like it well! \_\_\_\_\_ For me, \_\_\_\_\_ I have not

*f*

*p*


CHORUS

be all melancholic, — To pine and sigh, — To pine and  
that it worth the trying, — So cannot tell! — So cannot

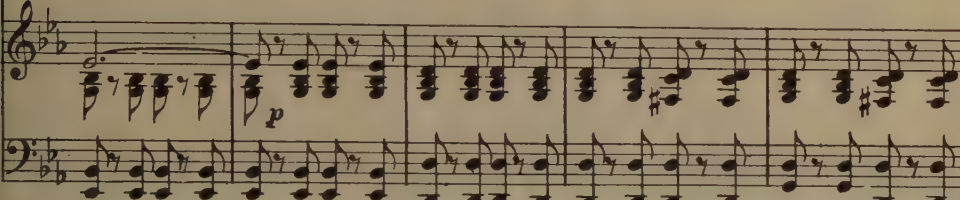
# A Merry Life-Continued

65

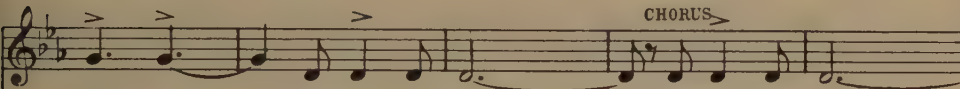
SOLO *p*



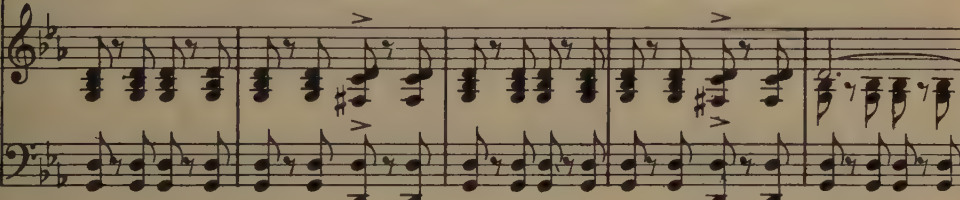
sigh; \_\_\_\_\_ But I, \_\_\_\_\_ I love to spend my time in  
tell! \_\_\_\_\_ With laugh, \_\_\_\_\_ and dance, and song, the day soon



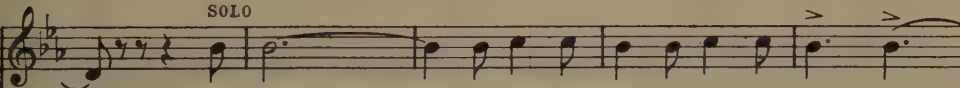
CHORUS



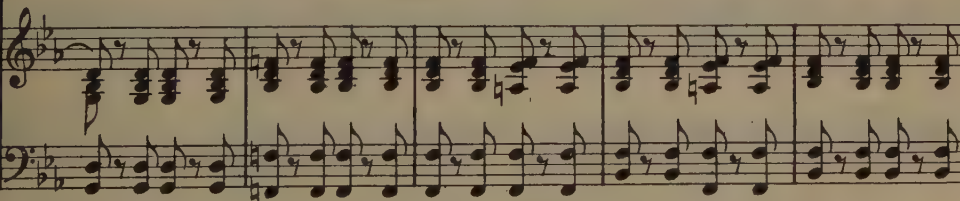
sing - ing \_\_\_\_\_ Some joy - ous song, \_\_\_\_\_ Some joy - ous song;  
pass - es, \_\_\_\_\_ Full soon is gone, \_\_\_\_\_ Full soon is gone;



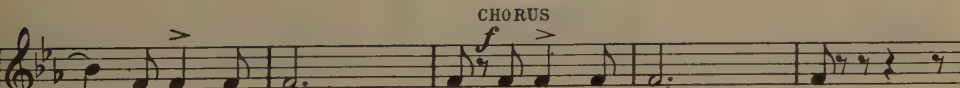
SOLO



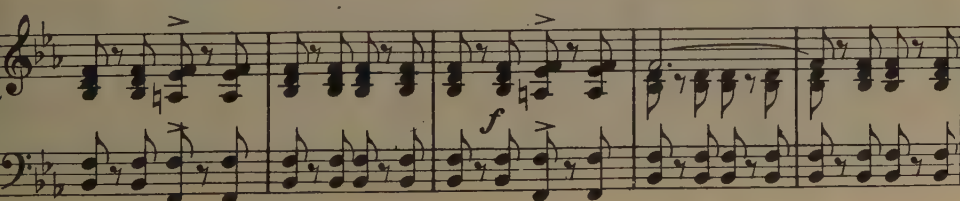
— To set \_\_\_\_\_ the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring - ing —  
— For mirth \_\_\_\_\_ was made for joy-ous lads and lass - es —



CHORUS



— Is far from wrong! \_\_\_\_\_ Is far from wrong! \_\_\_\_\_  
— To call their own! \_\_\_\_\_ To call their own! \_\_\_\_\_



## A Merry Life-Concluded

First time Solo, Second time Chorus.

Hark - en! Hark - en! Music sounds a - far! — Hark - en! Hark - en!

Hark - en! Hark - en! Music sounds a - far! — Hark - en! Hark - en!

Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!

Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!

Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.

Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.



# The Alphabet

67

*Lively*

WOLFGANG MOZART

*p*

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,

*p*

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,

*p*

k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v

k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v w

*mf*

x y and z - a b c d

x y and z - a b c d

*f*

e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q

*p*

e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q,

*p*

a b c d e f g h i j k l, k l m m n n o, k l m n o p q,

k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z - .

k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z - .

# I Would That My Love

HEINRICH HEINE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*With a lively motion*

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly  
 2. To thee on their wings my fair - est, that

flow in a sin - gle word, I'd give it the mer - ry  
 soul - felt word they would bear, Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry

breez - es They'd waft it a - way in sport, I'd  
 mo - ment, And hear — it ev - 'ry where, Should'st

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in  
 hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And — hear — it ev - 'ry -

# I Would That My Love-Continued

69

sport; where; a-way in and ev-'ry where; sport, and ev-'ry where; sport, they'd and

waft it a-way in sport.  
hear it ev-'ry where.

At night when thine eye-lids in

slum-ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still



# I Would That My Love-Conclusioned

*cresc.*

there my love — it will haunt — thee e'en in thy deep - est

*cresc.*

dreams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en —

*f*

e'en in thy deep - est

in thy deepest dreams. thy deepest dreams, E'en —

*p*

*sf*

in — thy deep - est, deep - est dreams.

*p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics and dynamic markings. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings and articulation marks.

# Calm as the Night

71

FROM THE GERMAN

CARL BOHM

*Calmly**slightly slower*

*p*

*mf*

*p* *In time* *mf*

Calm as the night, Deep as the sea, —

*p* *In time* *mf*

*slower* *in time*

Thy love for me — should be. —

*p* *mf*

*p* *f*

Calm as the night, — And deep as the sea,

*p* *f*

## Calm as the Night-Continued

Thy love for me, thy love for me — should be, —

*pp* *slower*

Thy love, thy love — should be.

*pp* *slower* *pp* *in time*

*mf* *in time*

If thou lov'st me

*slower* *in time* *mf*

As I love thee, — Thine, thine for- e'er — I'll be.

*p* *slower* *in time*

*p* *slower* *in time*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various textures, such as arpeggiated chords and flowing sixteenth-note passages. Performance markings include dynamics like *pp* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano), as well as tempo and style directions like *slower* and *in time*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words connected by dashes to indicate long notes or breaths.



# Calm as the Night-Concluded

73

*f* *faster* *ff*

Glow - ing as steel — And firm as the

hills Thy love should be, thy love for me — should

*p* *slower* *in time*

be, — Thy love for me — should be. —

*p* *slower* *p in time*

*pp* *slower*

This musical score is for a piece titled "Calm as the Night-Concluded". It is written for voice and piano. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo and dynamics markings include *f* (forte), *faster*, *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), *slower*, *in time*, and *pp* (pianissimo). The lyrics are: "Glow - ing as steel — And firm as the hills Thy love should be, thy love for me — should be, — Thy love for me — should be. —". The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated chords, sustained chords, and moving lines in both hands. The score concludes with a final chord marked *pp* and a *slower* tempo marking.

# The Rose of Allandale

CHARLES JEFFRY

SIDNEY NELSON

Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

*Moderately*

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

1. The morn was fair, the  
 2. Wher-e'er I wandered,  
 3. And when my fe-vered

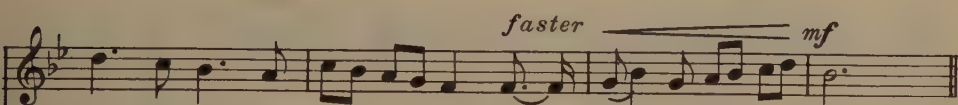
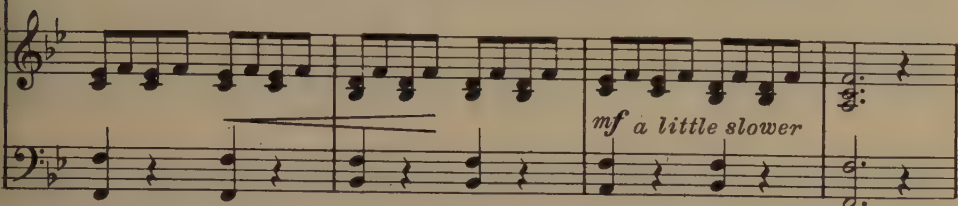
skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea When  
 east or west, Tho' fate be-gan to lour, A  
 lips were parch'd On Af-ric's burn-ing sand, She

Ma-ry left her high-land cot, And wandered forth with me; Tho'  
 sol-ace still was she to me In sorrow's lone-ly hour; When  
 whis-per'd hopes of hap-pi-ness, And tales of dis-tant land; My

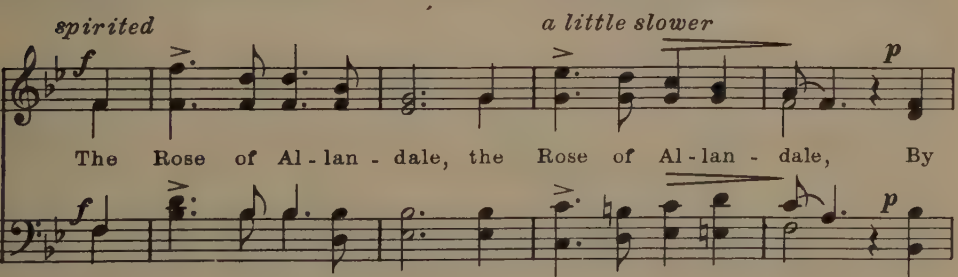
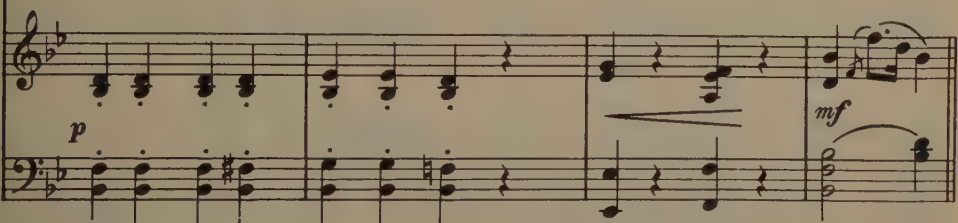
# The Rose Of Allandale-Conclusioned



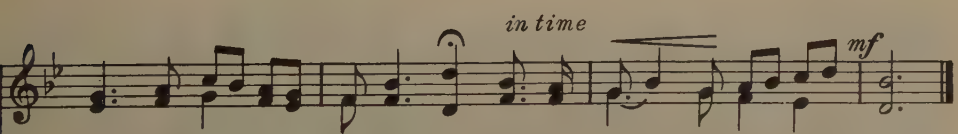
flow - ers deck'd the moun-tain's side, And fragrance fill'd the vale, By  
tem - pest-lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv-'ring sail, One  
life has been a wil - der - ness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had



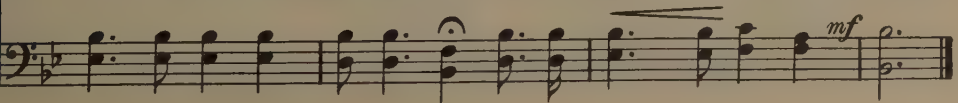
far the sweet-est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.  
maid-en form with-stood the storm: 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.  
fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.



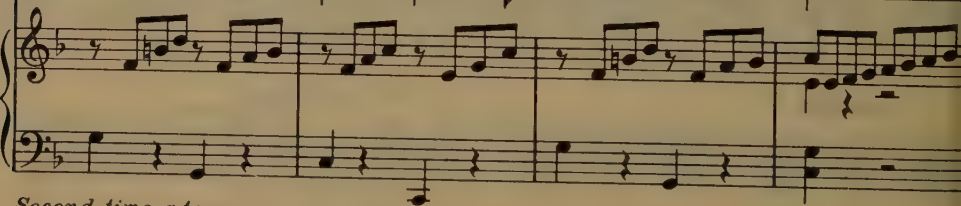
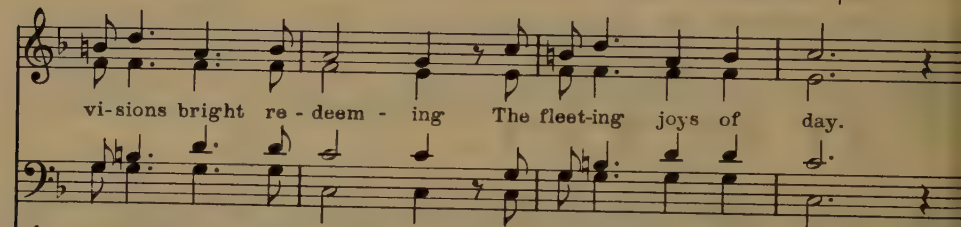
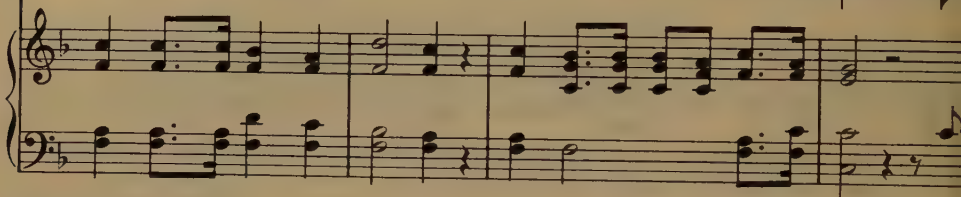
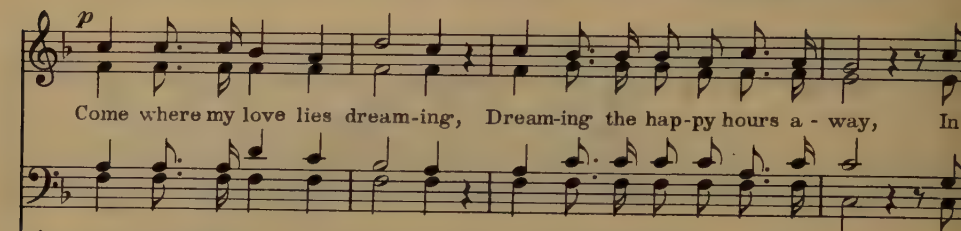
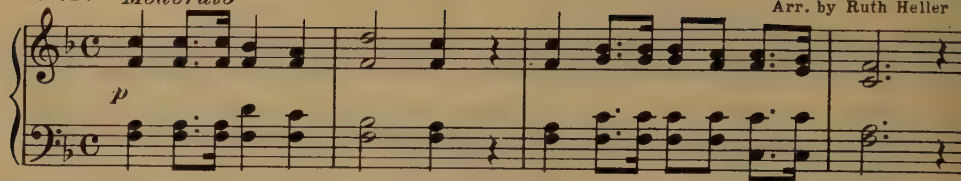
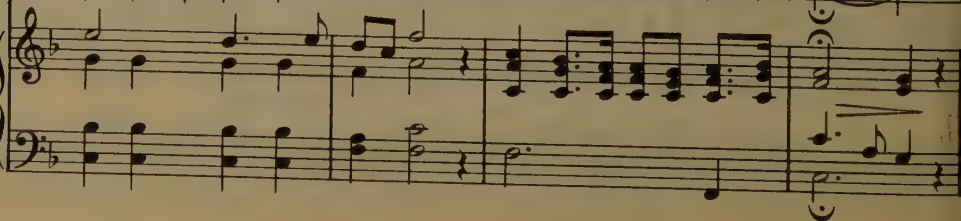
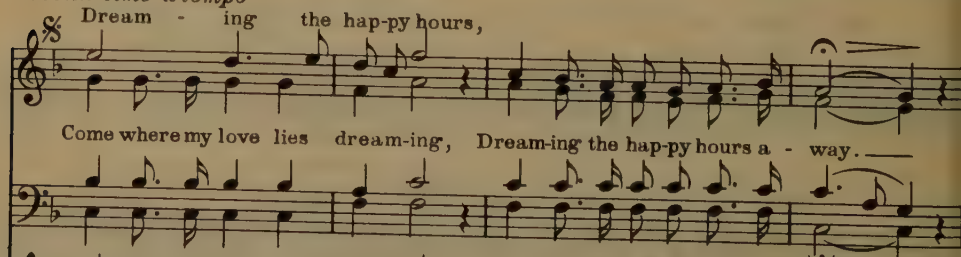
The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By



far the sweet est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.





*Second time a tempo*

*mf* Comewhere my love lies dream-ing, Dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.

*mf* My own love is sweet-ly *graz.* dream-ing, Her beau-ty  
Come where my love lies dream-ing, Come with a lute - toned

*8va*

beam - ing. My own love is sweet-ly  
lay. (Hm.) Come where my love lies dream-ing, Sweet-ly

*melody legato*

*stacc.* dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way. Come with a lute, come with a lay, My

*f*

own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, her beau-ty beam-ing,

*p* Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,

*p*

*mf* *lento con grazia tempo*

Come where my love lies, My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing the hap-py hours a-

*mf*

*Second time to Coda* *mf*

way. Soft is her slum-ber, Thoughts bright and free

*gva.*

*p*

Dance through her dreams Like gush-ing mel-o-dy;



Light is her young heart, Light may it be;

*ritardando* Come where my love lies dream - ing. *D.S.*

*ritardando*

*CODA rit. mf* Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

*mf rit.* *8va* *p*

## Stephen C. Foster

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American writer of what may be called the folk songs of America, was born July 4th, 1826 at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, and died in New York in 1864. From an early age he was interested in music. He often attended negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people.

Chief among Foster's characteristics was his tenderness. This quality is reflected in all of his songs.

## Gentle Annie

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Arr. by J.W.B.

1. Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part, Thou art  
 2. We have roamed in youth 'mid the bowers When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom, Now I

hm hm hm

gone, a-las, like the many That have bloomed in the summer of my heart. REFRAIN  
 stand alone 'mid the flowers, While they min-gle their perfume o'er thy tomb.

Shall we

never more be - hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the

springtime comes, gentle An-nie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

S.F.C.

## Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Arr. by J.W.B.

*Moderately*

1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the  
 2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She

queen of my song, and her name is Fair-y Belle; The sound of her light step may be  
 laughs in the sun-light, and smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the thistle-down, is

# Fairy-Belle-Concluded

81

heard up-on the hill, Like the fall of the snowdrops or the dripping of the rill.  
borne up-on the air, And her heart like the hummingbirds is free from ev-ry care.

Fair-y-Belle, gentle Fairy-Belle, The star of the night and the lil-y of the day,

Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she revel on her bright, sunny way.

Gentle Annie and Fairy Belle are two of Foster's numbers which are comparatively little known. They have been so arranged as to make them useful for either mixed or male quartet. For male voices, have first tenor take the alto part, singing it in the range as written; the second tenor takes the soprano an octave lower than written; the first bass takes the upper part in the bass clef and the second bass the lower.

## De Bezem

(Round)

This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS

1 2

DUTCH WORDS: De be-zem, de be-zem, Wat doe je er mee, Wat doe je er mee?  
PRONUNCIATION: Dā bay-sūm, dā bay-sūm, Wat doo yā air may, Wat doo yā air may?  
TRANSLATION: The broom, the broom, What do you with it, What do you with it?

3 4

Wij ve-gen er mee, Wij ve-gen er mee, De vloer aan, de vloer aan.  
Way fay-gan air may, Way fay-gan air may, Da fluur on, da fluur on.  
We sweep with it, We sweep with it, The floor up, the floor up.

## Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)

E.O. LYTE

1 2

Row, row, row your boat Gen-tly down the stream;

3 4

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Life is but a dream.



## Welcome, Sweet Springtime

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

1. { Wel - come sweet spring time we greet thee in  
Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from  
D.S. Sing then, ye birds, raise your voi - ces on

song, Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear; — Voi - ces long  
sleep, Joy giv - ing in - cense floats on the air; — Snow - drop and  
high Flow'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom! — Spring time is

hush'd now their full notes prolong — Ech - o - ing far and near. —  
prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep, — Hail we the glad new - year. —  
come and sweet summer is nigh, — Sing, then ye birds, O sing! —

Balm - y and life breathing breez - es are blow - ing Swift - ly to

*Fine*

*Fine*

# Welcome, Sweet Springtime-Concluded

83

na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing Ah! how my heart beats with rapture a -

new, As earth's fairest beau - ties a - gain meet my view. *D.S. al Fine.*

## Good Night

(Round)

1 Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an - gels a -

2

3 round you their si - lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

## The Bell Is Ringing

(Round)

*Lively*

1 Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to singing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!

2 Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to singing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!

3 Hark! hark! the bell is ringing Calling us to singing, Come, come, come, come away!

PENN MILITARY COLLEGE

## Taps

U.S. ARMY BUGLE CALL

Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hill, from the sky; All is well, Safe - ly rest, God is nigh.

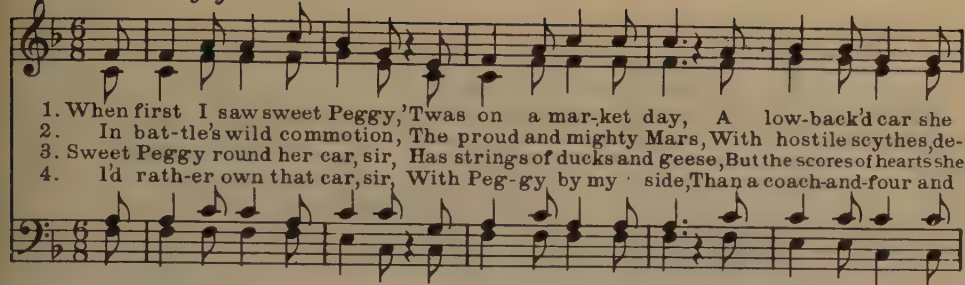
1. Oh! the
2. Blow th
3. Let the

blacksmith's a fine sturdy fel-low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow See him  
fire, stir the coals, heaping more on, Till the iron's all a glow, let it roar on! While the  
blows, strong and sure, quickly falling, Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling; Oh, the

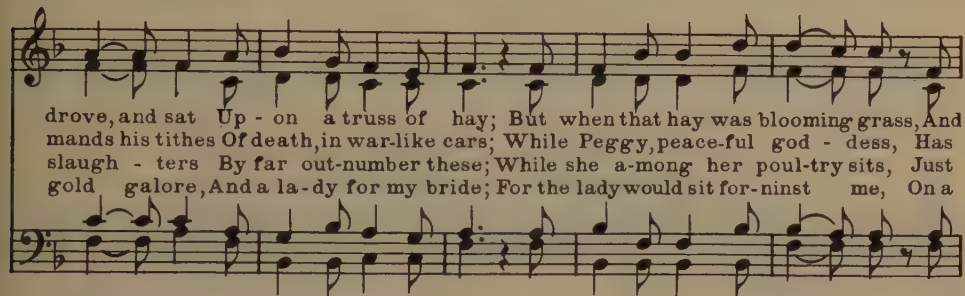
stand there his huge bellows blowing, With his strong brawny arms free and bare. See the  
smith high his hammer's a-swinging, Fi-ry sparks fall in show'rs all a-round, And the  
smith he's a fine sturdy fel-low, Bravely working from morning till night; Hard his

fire in the furnace a glowing, Bright its sparkle and flash, loud its roar.  
sledge on the an-vil is ringing, Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.  
hand, but his heart's true and mellow, Like his an-vil, he stands for the right.

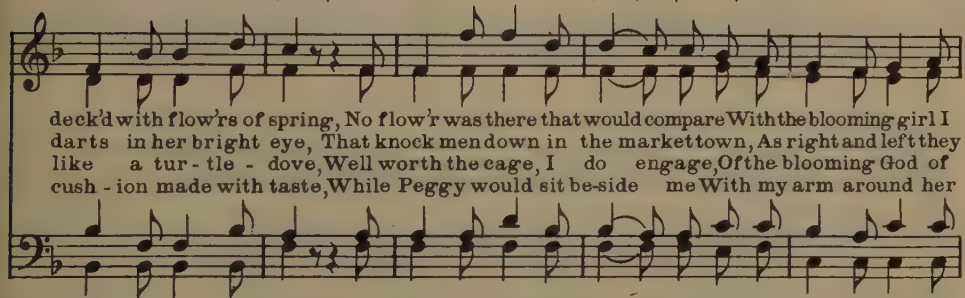




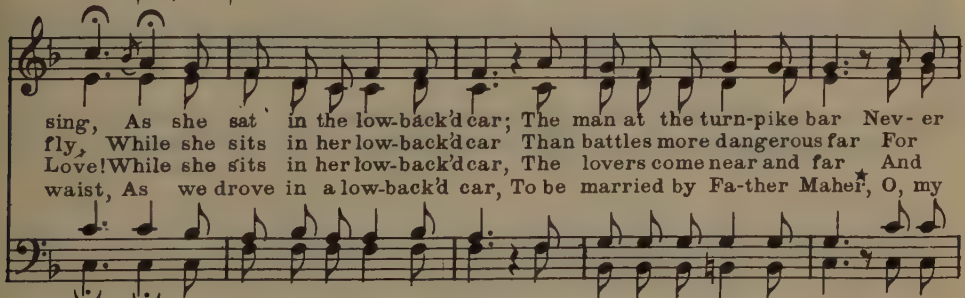
1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-back'd car she  
 2. In bat-tle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-  
 3. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she  
 4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



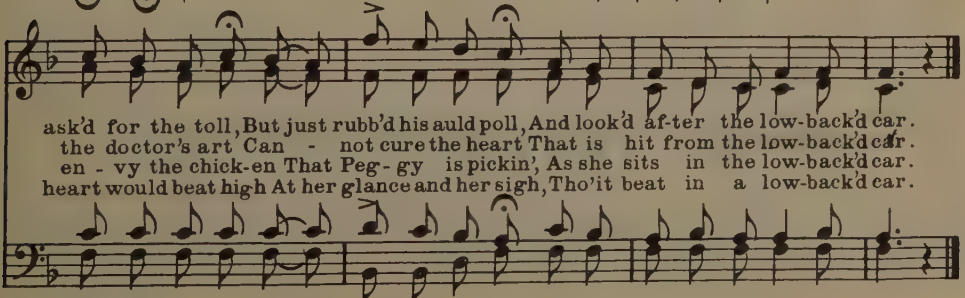
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And  
 mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peggy, peace-ful god - dess, Has  
 slaugh - ters By far out-number these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just  
 gold galore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a



deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I  
 darts in her bright eye, That knock mendown in the market town, As right and left they  
 like a tur-tle - dove, Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of  
 cush-ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm around her

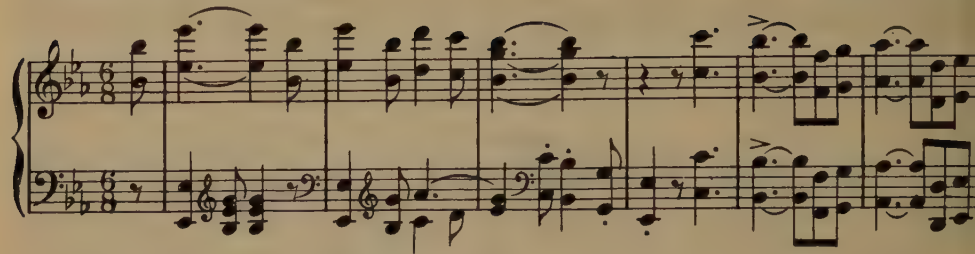


sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er  
 fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car Than battles more dangerous far For  
 Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lovers come near and far And  
 waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher, O, my

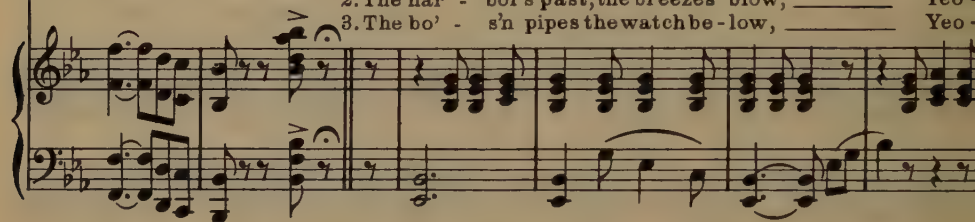


ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd after the low-back'd car.  
 the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.  
 en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.  
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

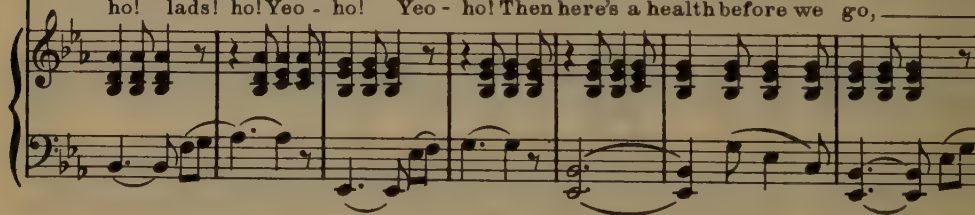
\*Pronounced Märr

*With spirit*

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, \_\_\_\_\_ Yeo -  
 2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, \_\_\_\_\_ Yeo -  
 3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch be - low, \_\_\_\_\_ Yeo -

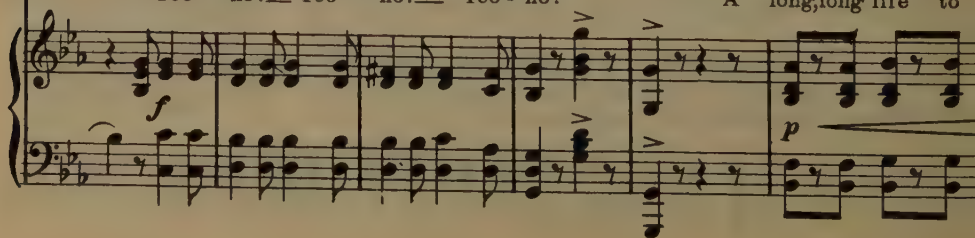


ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,  
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,  
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Then here's a health before we go,



Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho!  
 Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho!  
 Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho!

See there she stands an'  
 But true an' bright from  
 A long, long life to



waves her hand up - on the quay, An' ev'-ry day when I'm a-way she'll  
morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for  
my sweet wife an' mates at sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher.

watch for me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-  
Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-  
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo-

ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail-or's

star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's

wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score is divided into systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: waves her hand up - on the quay, An' ev'-ry day when I'm a-way she'll morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for my sweet wife an' mates at sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher. watch for me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo- ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.



# The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee

(Air—"The Band At A Distance")

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Arr. by Sir G. A. MacFarren

*With spirit*

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *f* and *ff*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke, Ere the  
 3. There are hills be-yond Pent-land, and lands be-yond Forth, If there's

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, marked *fp*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

King's crown go down there are crown to be broke; So— each Cav-a-li-er who loves  
 Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North, There are brave Duinewassals, three

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, marked *fp*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

hon-our and me Let him fol-low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee, } Come  
 thousand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee." }

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

# The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee—Continued

89

fill up my cup,—come fill up my can, Come sad-dle my hor-ses and

call out my men, Un-hook the West Port and let us go free, For its

up wi' the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee.

2. Dun - dee, he is mount-ed, he rides up the street,—The  
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

bells they ring back-ward the drums they are beat, But the  
own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox, And—

## The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee—Concluded

Pro - vost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the  
trem - ble false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee, Ye hæ

town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee," } Come fill up my cup, come  
no seen the last o' my bon - nets and me.

fill up my can, Come sad - dle my horses and call out my men, Un -

hook the West Port and let us go free, For its up wi' the bon - nets o'

Bon - nie Dun - dee.

*fp*

*p*

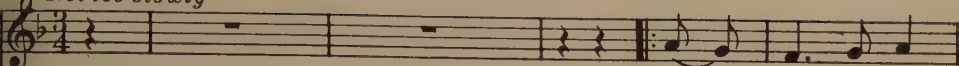
*f*



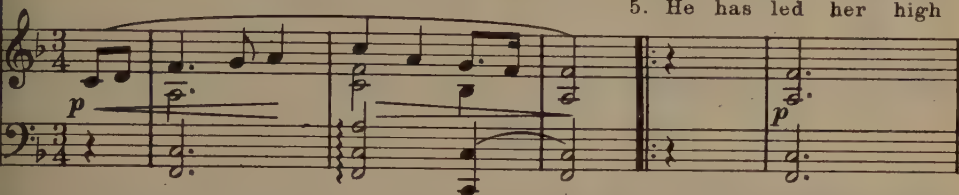
WORDS TRADITIONAL  
*Not too slowly*

# Leezie Lindsay

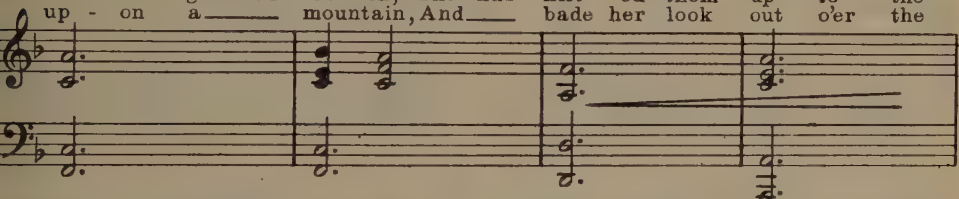
OLD SCOTCH SONG



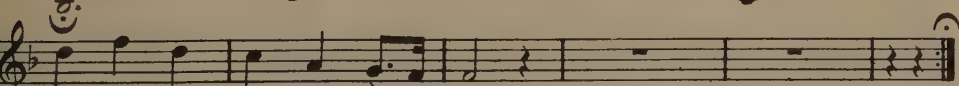
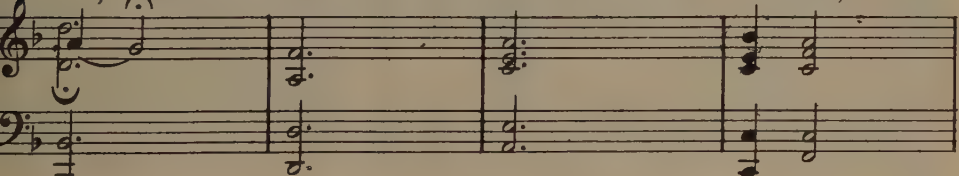
1. "Will ye gang to the
2. "To gang to the
3. Then up be-spak'
4. She has kilt-ed her
5. He has led her high



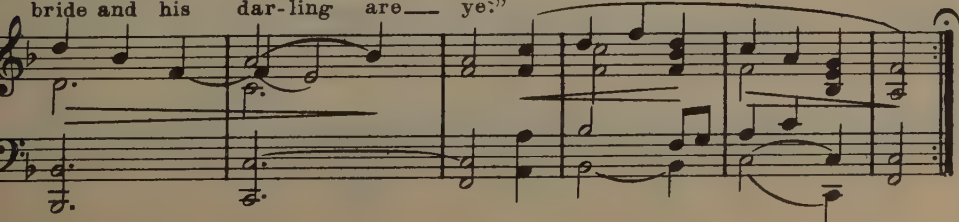
Hie-lands, 'Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the hie-lands wi'  
Hie-lands, wi' you, sir! I din-na ken how that may  
Lee-zie's best wo-man, A bon-nie young las-sie was  
coats o' green sat-in, She has kilt-ed them up to the  
up-on a mountain, And bade her look out o'er the



me; Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say, My  
be; For I ken-na the land that ye live in, Nor  
she; "Had I but a mark in my pock-et, It's  
knee, And she's aff to the Hie-lands wi' Don-ald, His  
sea; "These isles are Lord Ron-ald Mac-Don-ald's, And his



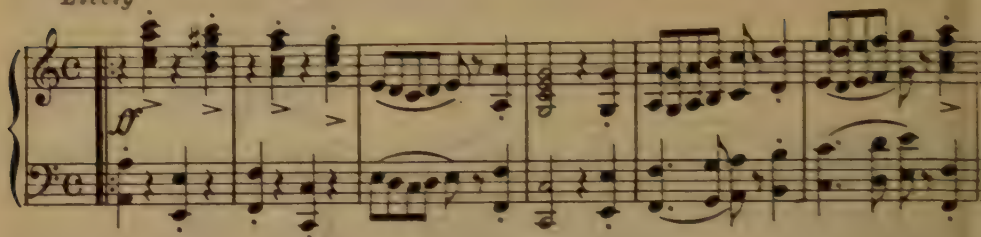
bride and my dar-ling to be?"  
ken I the lad I'm gaun wi' "  
Don-ald that I wad gang wi' "  
bride and his dar-ling to be.  
bride and his dar-ling are ye:"



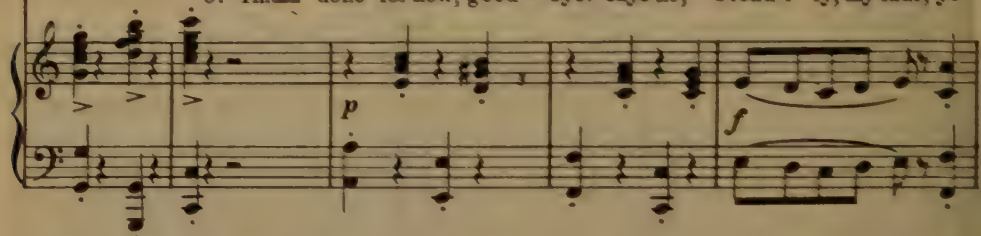
## The Midshipmite

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

*Lively*

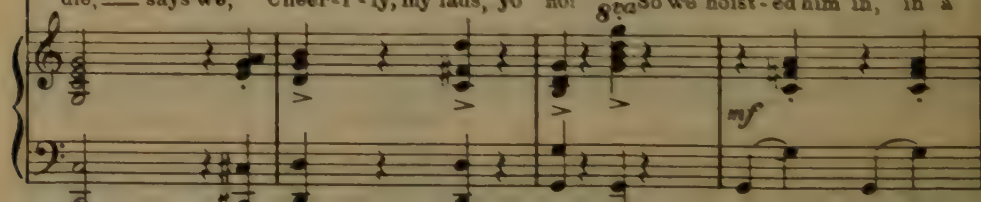
1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo  
 2. We — launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo  
 3. "I'm — done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo



ho! We'd got the Roo-shan-lines in sight, When up comes a lit-tle —  
 ho! The lub-bers-might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid-dy-cried: "Now, my  
 ho! "You make for the boat, never mind for me!" "We'll take 'e-back, sir, or



Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll — go a - shore to -  
 lads, put a-bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We — made for the guns, an' we  
 die," — says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist-ed him in, in a



# The Midshipmite—Concluded

night," says he, "An'—spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless'ee sir, come a -  
rammed them tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little  
ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle

long," says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo  
Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo  
Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

*cresc.*

*slower* *in time* *8*-----

ho! — With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

*slower* *p*

*slower*

Gai - ly, boys, make her go! — An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -

*slower* *f* *with the voice*

*last time*

mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho! —



# A Warrior Bold

The name of the composer, Steven Adams, is a nom-de-plume used by Michael Maybrick: "A Warrior Bold" and "Nancy Lee," which will also be found in this book, are among his most popular songs. Maybrick was born in Liverpool in 1844.

EDWIN THOMAS

*With Spirit*

STEPHEN ADAM

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with triplets and a final flourish marked *ff*. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with triplets and chords.

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held the  
2. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gaily to the

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The right hand has a melody with a triplet, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment with chords. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present.

sway, A warrior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay; — Sang  
fray; He fought the fight, but ere thenight, His soul had pass'd a-way, — His

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The right hand has a melody with a triplet, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment with chords.

mer-ri-ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en  
soul had pass'd a-way. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with

The piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. The right hand has a melody with a triplet, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment with chords. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present.

# A Warrior Bold—Concluded

95

hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare. So  
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'  
what care I tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho'

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a crescendo hairpin. The vocal line has a melisma on the word "die".

death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love I die,

The third system introduces a first ending bracket labeled "1" and a second ending bracket labeled "2". The vocal melody is repeated for both endings. The piano accompaniment features a variety of chords and melodic lines, with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

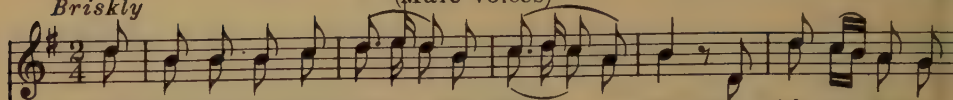
I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a final vocal phrase and a piano accompaniment that ends with a double bar line. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a crescendo hairpin.

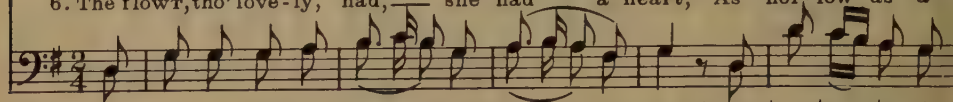
# The Three Chafers

(Male Voices)

FRIEDRICH H. TRÜHN

*Briskly*

1. There were three young and gal - lant chaf - ers, Who with a mer-ry
2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a
3. The pret - ty flow'r was wide, - so wide - a - wake, And art - ful - ler than
4. Her aunt the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And came like Fee - faw
5. And while she sat she watch'd, she watch'd her prey, And when she saw them
6. The flow'r, tho' love - ly, had, - she had a heart, As hol - low as a



hum, hum, hum, ★ Sum - a,  
 plum, plum, plum, Sum - a,  
 some, some, some, Sum - a,  
 fum, fum, fum, Sum - a,  
 come, come, come, Sum - a,  
 drum, drum, drum, Sum - a,

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,



BASS OR ALTO SOLO .

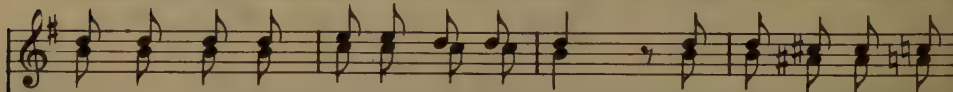
In dew their nos - es  
 They all at once were  
 She call'd her aunt, the  
 At once her net she  
 She pounc'd up - on the  
 Shelaugh'd and said we've



sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,



dip - ping, In dew their nos - es dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with  
 bit - ten, They all at once were bit - ten, They all were deep - ly  
 spi - der, She call'd her aunt, the spi - der, And begg'd she would pro -  
 spun well, At once her net she spun well, And when she tho't it  
 chaf - ers, She pounc'd up - on the chaf - ers, And suck'd them thin as  
 caught ye, Shelaugh'd and said we've caught ye, Fine chaf - ers and we've



sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

As tip - sy grew with  
 They all were deep - ly  
 And begg'd she would pro -  
 And when she tho't it  
 And suck'd them thin as  
 Fine chaf - ers and we've



sip - ping, As an - y cask of rum, Sum, sum,  
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be - come, Sum, sum,  
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, Sum, sum,  
 done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, Sum, sum,  
 wa - fers, They nev - er - more could hum, Sum, sum,  
 taught ye That love is all a hum, Sum, sum,



sip - ping, As an - y cask of rum, As an - y cask of rum. —  
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be - come, Thus chafers can soft be - come. —  
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum. —  
 done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, With - in it sat quite dumb. —  
 wa - fers, They nev - er - more could hum, They nev - er - more could hum. —  
 taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum. —

\* Pronounced Zoom.

Note: This number may be used for quartet of unchanged voices by pitching one octave higher than when sung by male voices.

## Proudly As the Eagle

ALFRED STONE

(Male Voices)

LOUIS SPOHR

*Vigorously*

1. Proud - ly as the ea - gle Wings his flight on high, Let our song be
2. Loud as mighty thun - ders Peal - ing thro' the skies, Soft as lov - er's
3. Thee, O song we hon - or, 'Tis of thee we sing; Loud - er still and

swell - ing Up - ward to the sky, While each glow - ing breast  
 sigh - ing Shall our ear - ols rise; Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound  
 loud - er Shall thy praises ring, Ho - ly, heav'nly fire,

While each glow - ing  
 Heav'n - ly mu - sic's  
 Ho - ly, heav'nly

Thrills with rapture blest,  
 Spread - ing joy a - round,  
 Thou dost e'er in - spire,

While each glow - ing breast Thrills with rapture blest.  
 Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound Spreading joy a - round.  
 Ho - ly, heav'nly fire, Thou dost e'er in - spire.

breast  
 sound  
 fire,

Thrills with rapture blest, each glowing breast  
 Spreading joy a - round, sweet music's sound,  
 Thou dost e'er in - spire with heav'nly fire,

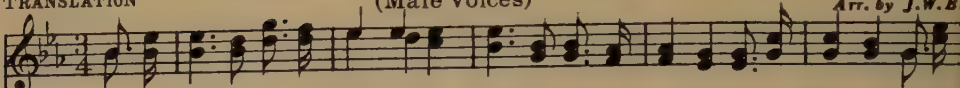
# The Hunter's Farewell

TRANSLATION

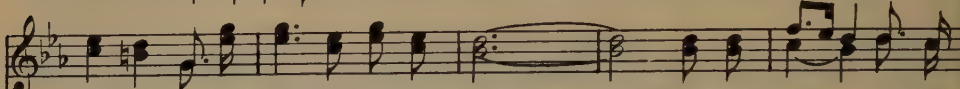
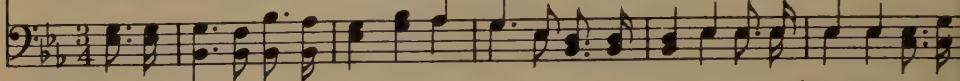
(Male Voices)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

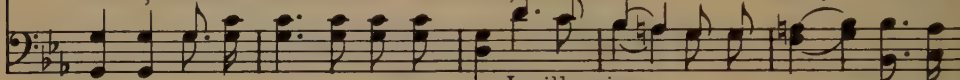
Arr. by J.W.B.



1. Who a-loft thy head did raise, For-est green the mountains crowning? With glad heart thy beauty  
2. We must seek our home below, Leave the deer in peace re-pos-ing, Ere for us the chase is  
3. What beneath thy shade we swore, In the distant world shall bind us, True to thee each year shall



owning, I will sing thy Maker's praise, \_\_\_\_\_ With glad heart I will  
closing, Once a - gain our horns we blow, \_\_\_\_\_ Once a - gain, once a -  
find us, Faithful chil-dren ev - er - more, \_\_\_\_\_ ev - er - more, faith-ful



I will sing

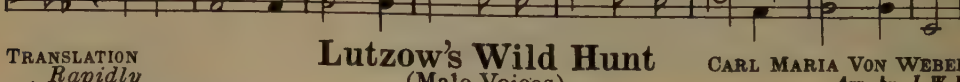


sing thy Maker's praise. Fare thee well, Fare thee well Fare thee  
gain our horns we blow. Fare thee well \_\_\_\_\_ Fare thee well \_\_\_\_\_  
children ev - er - more. Fare thee well \_\_\_\_\_ Fare thee well \_\_\_\_\_



well

Fare thee well thou for-est home, Fare thee well, Fare thee well thou for-est home.



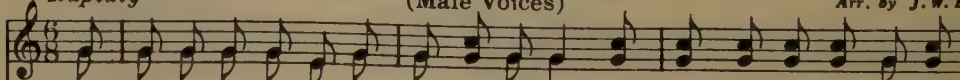
TRANSLATION  
*Rapidly*

# Lutzow's Wild Hunt

(Male Voices)

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

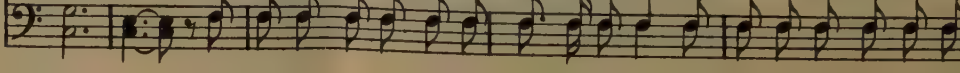
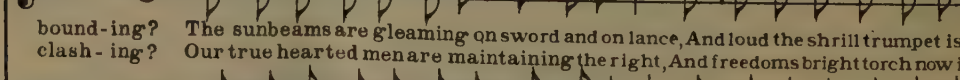
Arr. by J.W.B.



1. From yonder dark forest what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re -  
2. Why roars in yon val-ley the mer - ci-less fight? What ter - ri-ble sounds are now



bound-ing? The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is  
clash-ing? Our true hearted men are maintaining the right, And freedom's bright torch now is



# Lutzow's Wild Hunt—Concluded

99

*ff* *f* *slower*

sound - ing, And loud the shrill trumpet is sounding. And if you ask what you there be-  
flash - ing, The bright torch of freedom is flashing. And if you ask what you there be-

*Rapidly* *Repeat sung as echo* 1. 2.

hold, These are These are Lutzow's huntsmen so free and so bold. bold.

## Sleep Soldier Sleep

*Memorial Day*  
(Male Voices)

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

ALPHENS DAVISON  
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, Sleep comrade heath the heay-'ns blue, While on this  
2. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, For you are done with war and fear, Your mem-o-  
3. Rest, sol-dier, rest, You faced grim death with courage brave, And man-ful -

day we hon-or r you, Loy-al and brave, to country true. Sleep, soldier, sweetly sleep.  
ry to us is dear; The tho't of you brings many a tear. Sleep, soldier, gently sleep.  
ly-your life you gave; Your glo-ry lives be-yond the grave. Rest, soldier, gently rest.

## Lovely Evening

*Somewhat quickly*

(Round)

1. 2.

Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are

3.

sweet-ly ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.



## John Peel

## ENGLISH HUNTING SONG

*With spirit, but not too fast*

1. D'ye
2. Yes, I
3. D'ye

The first system of musical notation for 'John Peel' is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and includes a *mp* (mezzo-piano) marking towards the end. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes three lines of lyrics: 'ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the', 'ken John Peel and Ru - by too, And Ran - ger and Ring - wood,', and 'ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout-beck'. The music is marked *mp* (mezzo-piano).

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes two lines of lyrics: 'break o' the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his' and 'Bell-man and True; From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a once on a day; But now he has gone far a-way, far a-way, We shall'. The music is marked *louder* in two places.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes two lines of lyrics: 'hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?' and 'view to a death in the morn - ing. For the sound of his horn brought'. The music is marked *softer* and *CHORUS*.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics 'ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.' and 'For the sound of his horn brought'. The music is marked *softer* and *f* (forte).

*A few Altos: The cry of the hounds!*

me from my bed, And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led;

The cry of the hounds! Oh!

Peel's view halloo! would a-wak-en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

\* The shout of the hunter when the fox first comes to view.

## O, No, John

SOMERSET FOLK SONG

1. On yon-der hill there stands a creature, Who she is I do not know;
2. My father was a Span-ish cap-tain, Went to sea a month a-go;
3. O Madam in your face is beau-ty, On your lips red ros-es grow;
4. O Madamsince you are so cru-el, And that you do scorn me so,
5. O hark! I hear the church-bells ringing, Will you come and be my wife?

I'll go ask her hand in mar-riage, She must an-swer yes or no.  
First he kissed me, then he left me, Bid me al-ways an-swer no.  
Will you take me for your hus-band? Madam, an-swer yes or no.  
If I may not be your hus-band? Madam, will you let me go?  
Or, dear Madam, have you set-tled To live sin-gle all your life?

### CHORUS

O, John, no, no, John, no, John, no!

## In The Time Of Roses

J. REICHARDT  
Arr. by W.J.G.

1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea-ry heart! Spring a balm dis-  
 2. In the time of ros - es, Wea-ry heart, re-joice! Ere the summer

clos - es For the keen-est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'  
 clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap-pal thee, For,

the winter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.  
 be-yond the tomb, God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

## The Linden Tree

Adapted from the GERMAN

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. { Be-side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree;  
 Be-neath its spread-ing branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up-

2. { To-night, a home-less wand'r'er, I passed the lin-den tree;  
 Its wav-ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me, "Come,

on its bark I chis-elled Dear names so long a - go, I sought its peace in  
 weary heart-sick com-rade, Be-neath my shadow rest, Where earth-ly strife or

glad-ness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.  
 sor-row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls' voices, the alto taking the tenor with bass omitted.



# Lovely Night

TRANSLATION

F. H. CHWATAL

Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spreading o-ver hill and meadow, Soft and slow the  
 2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plac-ing brighter worlds before us; Hap-pi-ness thou

haz-y shadow; Soon our wearied eye-lids close, And slumber in thy blest re-pose,  
 sheddest o'er us; Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn,

Soon our wea-ried eye-lids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re-pose.  
 Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

## The Two Roses

H. WERNER

*Moderately slow**louder*

1. On a bank two ros-es fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers,  
 2. This in leaves of white ar-ray'd, Not a speck to dim them,  
 3. Like her cheeks, the blush-ing ray Which thy bud en-clos-es;

Fill'd with dew, in fragrance grew, As I pen-sive, full of care, Gather'd two sweet  
 So I find the spotless mind Which a-dorns my spotless maid, In-no-cen-ce's  
 Brighter far than you they are, But her charms if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous,

flowers.  
 emblem. Tell me ros-es tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.  
 ros-es.

# Night

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

FRANZ ABT  
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. The sun - set glows in splen - dor To wave a bright fare - well As  
2. And now the vel - vet dark - ness Is brightened near and far With

day de - parts in glo - ry All o - ver hill and dell; The shadows lengthen  
gleams like ti - ny can - dles, Where many a brilliant star At - tends, in ser - vice

slow - ly And twi - light, hushed and ho - ly, Now dims the sun - set light, Now  
loy - al. The moon, se - rene and roy - al, Arrayed in sil - ver bright, Ar -

dims the sun - set light, To greet the night, To greet the night.  
rayed in sil - ver bright, The queen of night, The queen of night.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls voices, the alto taking the tenor, with bass omitted.

# Isle Of Beauty

Moderately

THOMAS H. BAYLY

1. Shades of evening close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;  
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces smile a - round the ta - per's light;  
3. When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;  
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?  
And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on:

Still my fan-cy can dis-cov-er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;  
Thro' the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves-per bell;  
What would I not give to wan-der Where my old com-pan-ions dwell;

Dark-er shad-ows round us hov-er, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"  
Like a voice from those a-round us, Breath-ing fond-ly "fare thee well!"  
Ab-sence makes the heart grow fon-der, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"

## Steal Away

*Slowly* NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

*Fine.*

Steal a - way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The  
2. Green trees are bend-ing; Poor sin-ners stand trembling; The  
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The

*D.C.*

trum-pet sound with - in a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.



# My Lord, What a Mourning

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

## CHORUS

My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a

*Fine*

## LEADER

mourn-ing, When the stars begin to fall.

1. You'll hear the trumpet sound To wake the

2. You'll hear the sinner mourn, To wake the

3. You'll hear the Christian shout, To wake the

## CHORUS

*I. C.*

nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.  
 nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.  
 nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.

## My Lord Delivered Daniel

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

## CHORUS

My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el, My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el, My

*Fine.*

Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el; Why can't he de-liv-er me?

## LEADER

1. I met a pil-grim on the way, And, I ask him where he's a go-ing. I'm
2. Some say that John the Baptist, Was nothing but a Jew, But the
3. Oh, Dan-i-el cast in the li-on's den, He pray both night and day, The
4. He de-liv-er'd Daniel from the lion's den, And Jonah from the belly of the whale, And the
5. The rich-est man that ever I saw Was the one that beg the most, His

# My Lord Delivered Daniel-Concluded

107  
D.C.

bound for Ca-naan's hap-py land, And this is the shout-ing band. Go on!  
Bi - ble doth in - form us That he was a preach-er, too; Yes, he was!  
an - gel came from Gal-i - lee, And lock the li - on's jaw. That's so!  
He-brew children from the fiery furnace, And why not ev'-ry man? Oh, yes!  
soul was filled with Je - sus, And with the Ho - ly Ghost. Yes, it was!

## The Old Ark A-Moverin' Along

*Leisurely*

SPIRITUAL

1. Just wait a lit - tle while I'm gwine to tell you 'bout the ark  
2. Then No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on dry land  
3. Old No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on the tim - ber  
4. And when the ark was fin - ished all ac - cord - ing to the plan  
5. Now when the rain be - gan to fall the ark be - gan to rise  
6. For for - ty days and for - ty nights the rain it kept a fall - ing  
7. That aw - ful rain it stopped at last the wat - ers sub - sid - ed

The old ark a mov - er - in', a mov - er - in' a - long,

1. The Lord He told old No - ah for to build him an old ark.  
2. They built that ark ac - cord - ing to the Lord's com - mand.  
3. The proud be - gan to laugh, the sil - ly point their fin - ger.  
4. Old Mas - ter No - ah took in fam - bly, an - i - mal and man.  
5. The wick - ed they hung all a - round with groans and cries.  
6. The wick - ed climbed the trees and loud for help they kept a call - ing.  
7. And that old ark with all on board on Ar - a - rat rided.

The old ark a mov - er - in', a mov - er - in' a - long. Oh the

Omit in last verse

old ark a mov - er - in', a mov - er - in' a mov - in', The old ark a mover - in', a

D.C. || Last verse only, gradually getting slower.

*Fine.*

mov - er - in' a - long. Old ark a mov - er - in' a mov - er - in' a - long.

*Slowly*

# No-body Knows The Trouble I've Seen

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

*mf*  
Oh, no-bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, No-bod - y knows but Je - sus!

*Fine.*

No-bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. { Some-times I'm up, some-  
Al - though you see me
2. { One day when I was  
I nev - er shall for-

*D.C.*  
times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.  
going along so, Oh, yes, Lord; I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.  
walking a-long, Oh, yes, Lord, The element open'd, and the Love came down, Oh, yes, Lord.  
get that day, Oh, yes, Lord, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a-way, Oh, yes, Lord.

S. C. F.

*Moderately*

## Oh! Susanna

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou - si -
2. I had a dream de od - der night, When eb'ry ting was still; I thought I saw Su -
3. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all 'round, And when I find Su -

an - a, My true love for to see. It rain'd all night de day I left, De  
san - na, A com - ing down de hill. De buck - wheat cake war in her mouth, De  
san - na, I'll fall up - on de ground. But if I do not find her, Dis

weather it was dry, De sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na don't you cry.  
tear was in her eye; Says I, I'm com - ing from de South, Su - san - na don't you cry.  
dark - ey'll sure - ly die; And when I'm dead and bur - ied, Su - san - na don't you cry.



CHORUS

Oh! Su-san-na, oh, don't you cry for me, For I goin' to Lou'si-an-a wid my banjo on my knee.

Paraphrase on original  
Foster text

## Ring, Ring The Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER  
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. The time is nev-er dreary, If a fel-low nev-er groans, A hoof-er's nev-er  
2. Oh! nev-er count the bubbles When there's water in the spring. A trav'ler has no

### CHORUS

wea-ry With the rat-tle of the bones. Ring, ring the ban-jo! I like that good old  
troubles When he's got this song to sing.

song, Come a-gain good for-tune, Oh! where you been so long.

## A "Stunt"

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" may be sung counter to "Ring, Ring The Banjo." A fine as-sembly "stunt" may be devised by having the girls sing "Ring, Ring The Banjo" while the boys whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

*Briskly*

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y thot's my  
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And gen-tly lent their  
heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal-ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For  
sil-v'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind  
each does but re-mind me How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left be-hind me.  
Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.

# Ole Dan Tucker

*Quickly*

UNISON

CHORUS

UNISON

1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise and saw de fight, De  
2. Ole Dan he work'd in de cot-ton fi-el', But got a stone-bruise on his heel, So  
3. Ole Dan was hun-gry for to eat Some good corn pone wid chick-en meat, But  
4. An' now I thinks dat poor ole Dan, Is git-tin' to be a right ole man, An'

watch-man was a run-nin' roun' Cry-in' "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town" So  
he lef' de fi-el' and went troode wood, To de lit-tle pond whah de fishin's good. So  
when he went for to steal a hen, De Mas-sa says, "Don't do dat a - gain!" So  
when he dies an' goes up high, I hope the angels there won't cry, Oh

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er,

Get out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup-per.

## Merrily, Merrily (Round)

1 Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, greet the morn; Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.  
2  
3 Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.  
4

1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on  
 2. I joined my corps when twen - ty - one, Of course I thought it

corn and beans, And sport young ladies in their teens, Tho'a cap-tain in the  
 cap-i-tal fun, When the en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the

Ar-my. I teach young ladies how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I  
 Ar-my. When I left home, mama, she cried, Mama she cried, Mama she cried, When

teach young ladies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my. I'm  
 I left home, ma-ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my. I'm

CHORUS

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And

oft - en live be-yond my means, Tho'a cap-tain in the ar-my.



*mf*

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you  
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come  
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a  
 4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry  
 5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is

been, charming Bil-ly?  
 in, charming Bil-ly?  
 chair, charming Bil-ly?  
 pie, charming Bil-ly?  
 she, charming Bil-ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the  
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a  
 Yes, she set for me a chair, She has  
 She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a  
 Three times six and four times seven, Twenty -

(charming Bil-ly)

joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.  
 dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.  
 ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.  
 cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.  
 eight and e-lev-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

## Blow The Man Down

*mf* SOLO CHORUS CHANTEY SOLO

1. As I was a walk-ing down Paradise Street, Way! Hey! Blow the man down! A  
 2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" Way! Hey! Blow the man down! 'De-

CHORUS

pret-ty young damsel I chanced for to meet. Give me some time to blow the man down.  
 lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet. Give me some time to blow the man down.

1. Oh, we're three jol-ly, jol-ly sail - or boys, And we're newly home from  
 2. There were three pretty girls in merry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a  
 3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sail - or boys, All arm in arm so

South A-mer-i-kee, With our hearts still tingling with the salt, salt wind, And the  
 po-sy on the tree, There was great eyed Marga-ret, and trim set Sal, And sweet  
 jol-ly for to see, There are girls beside the water, at Ja-nei-ro, or Gibraltar, Who can

tumble and the tossing of the sea. Oh, honey, we've our pockets full of money; Will you  
 Kit-ty from the north coun-tree. No, honey, tho' your pockets full of money, We won't  
 dance right mer-ri-ly as ye;" So, honey, while our pockets full of money, Come and

trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay? For the wind's in the sail, and the  
 trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've set the clerk a-sing-ing, and the  
 trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we sail-ors love the o-cean, and the

thun-der in the gale, And our good ship plung-ing to be free.  
 wed-ding bells a - ring-ing And the par-son has pock-et-ed the fee.  
 change and the commo-tion, And the good ship plung-ing on the sea.

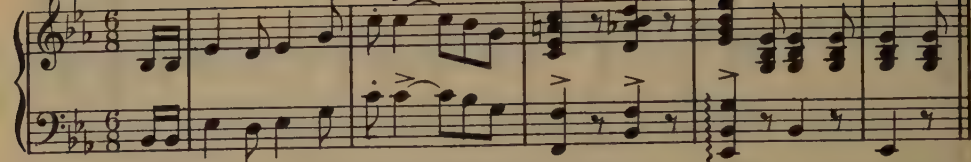
## Haul On The Bowlin'

SOLO

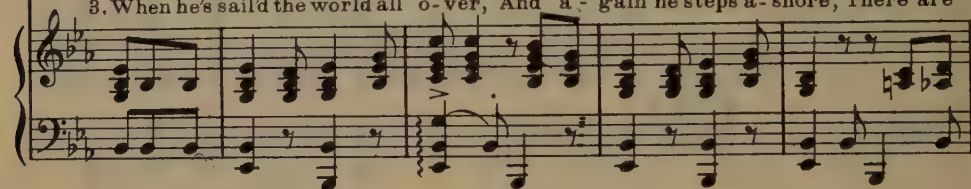
CHORUS

CHANTEY

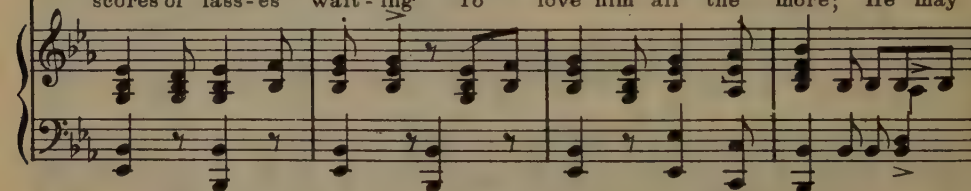
1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul-ly ship's a roll - in'! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!  
 2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our captain he's a - growlin'! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!



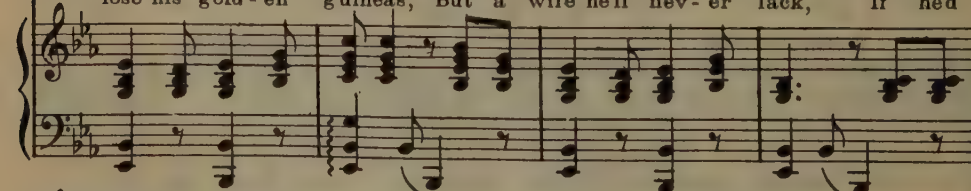
1. When the ship is trim and read-y, And the jol-ly days are done, When the  
2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she", Up a -  
3. When he's sail'd the world all o-ver, And a - gain he steps a-shore, There are



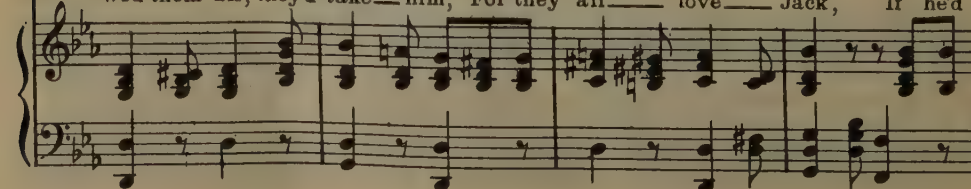
last good-byes are whispered, And Jack a-board is gone; The  
loft that "lit-tle cher-ub" Sure a maid-en she must be. And as  
scores of lass-es wait-ing To love him all the more; He may



lass-es fall a weep-ing, As they watch his ves-sel's track, For  
o'er the sea he travels, The mer-maids down be-low Would  
lose his gold-en guineas, But a wife he'll nev-er lack, If he'd



all the lands-men lov-ers—Are noth-ing af-ter Jack, For  
give their crys-tal king-doms For the love of Jack, I trow, Would  
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack, If he'd





all the lands-men lov - ers — Are noth - ing af - ter Jack. —  
give their crys - tal king - doms For the love — of Jack, I trow. —  
wed them all, they'd take — him, For they all — love — Jack. —

For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen brave and free, And the

girls must lone - ly be, — Till his ship comes back; But if

love's the best of all, — That can a man be - fall, — Why,

Jack's the king of all, — For they all love Jack! —

1. I've been thro' Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I  
 2. My Belle is tall and slen - der, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd

sail'd the Mis-sis - sip - pi, For mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly  
 tink she was an owlingale, If once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her

ere-ole On Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I neb-ber found de gal to match De  
 cab-in, And rapp'd up-on de door, I went to gub my dog-ger-type To

CHORUS

bloom-ing Belle ob Bal-ti-more. Oh, boys, Belle's a beau-ty, Eyes so bright and  
 my sweet Belle ob Bal-ti-more.

cheek so soot-y; No gal I eb-er seen a-fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal-ti-more.

**The Huntsmen**  
 (Round)

*Lively*

1. A south-er-ly wind and a cloud-y sky Pro-claim it a hunt-ing morn-ing;  
 2. To horse my brave boys and a-way; Bright Phoe-bus the hill is a - dorn-ing;  
 3. Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra.

Hark! I hear a voice Way up on the moun-tain top, tip - top,

De-scend-ing down be - low, De-scend-ing down be - low, — low.

CHORUS

Let us all u-nite in love, Trust-ing

Let us all u-nite in love,

in the pow'r's a - bove. Mer-ri-ly now we

Trust-ing in the pow'r's a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we

roll, we roll, O'er the deep blue sea.

## Early to Bed

1. Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man

2. health-y and wealthy and wise, Wise, health-y, and wealth - y.

3.



## Nut Brown Maiden

COLLEGE SONG

(Male Voices)

Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

*Moderately*

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou  
 2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou  
 3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou  
 4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown  
 hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kissing of it's mine, love! Nut brown  
 hast a slender waist; A slender waist is thine, love! The arm around it's mine, love! Nut brown  
 hast such pearly teeth; The pearly teeth are false, love! They rattle when you waltz, love! Nut brown

maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye  
 maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a ru - by lip.  
 maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a slen - der waist.  
 maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast such pearly teeth.

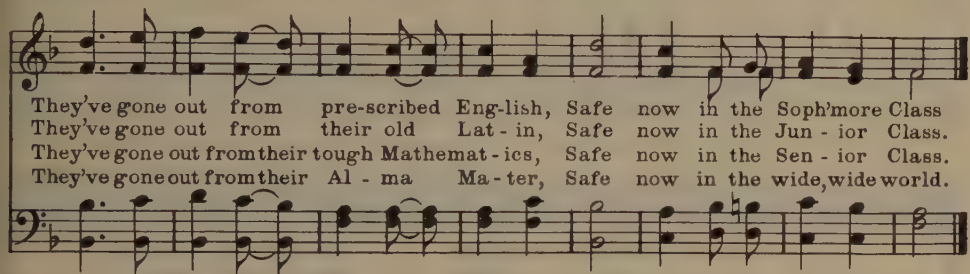
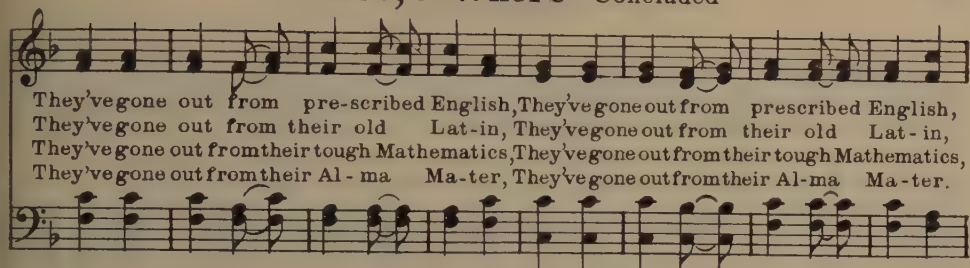
## Where, O Where

COLLEGE SONG

*Spirited*

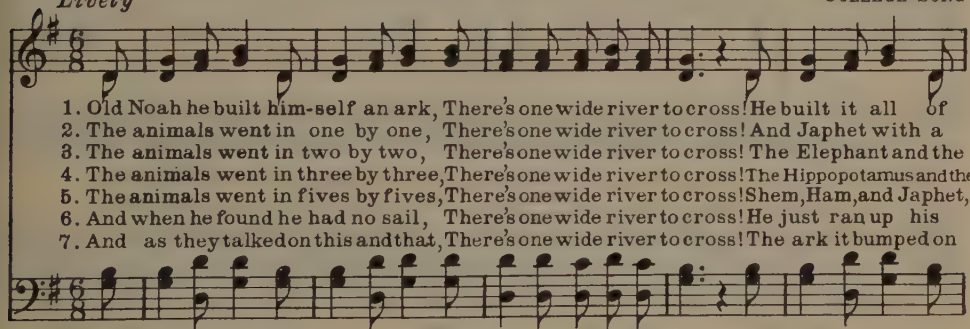
1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Where, O where are the verdant Fresh-men?  
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?  
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors?  
 4. Where, O where are the grandold Sen-iors? Where, O where are the grandold Sen-iors?

Where, O where are the ver-dant Freshmen? Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.  
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.  
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Safe now in the Sen-ior Clásss.  
 Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Safe now in the wide, wide world.

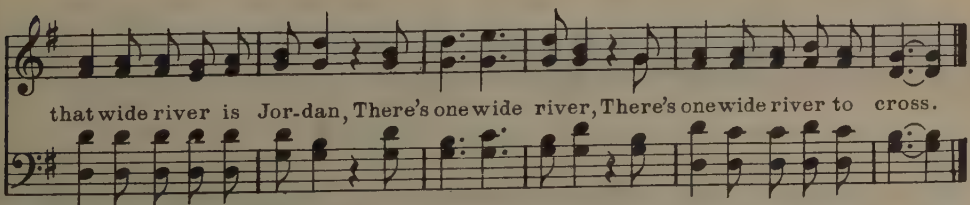
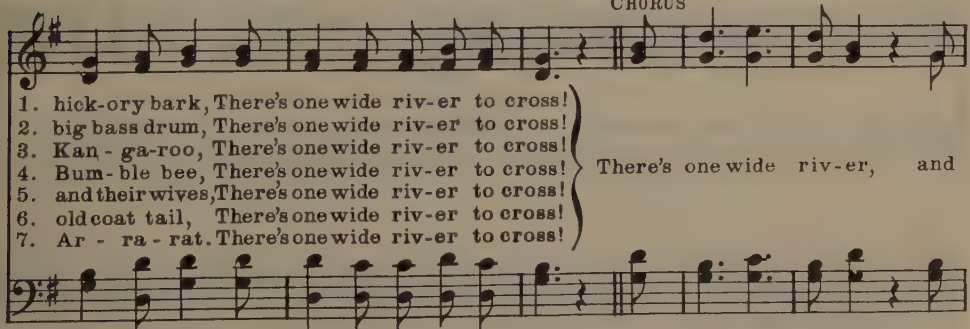


## Noah's Ark

COLLEGE SONG

*Lively*

CHORUS



## Rosalie

L. K.

LAUNCE KNIGHT

*Moderately*

1. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Par-is, de Par-is, I  
 2. I go to the fete de Marquise, de Marquise, I

drink my di-vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie. As I ride out each day in my  
 go and make love at my ease, at my ease. I — go to her pere and de-

lit-tle cou-pe, I tell you I'm something to see. —  
 mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ros-a-lie. —



# Rosalie—Concluded

121

## CHORUS

But I care \_\_\_\_\_ not what others may say, I'm in love with Ros-a - lie. \_\_\_\_\_

Charming Rose, \_\_\_\_\_ pretty Rose, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm in love with my Ros-a - lee. \_\_\_\_\_

## Quickly BASS SOLO

## Peter Gray

COLLEGE SONG

1. Once on a time, there was a man, His name was Peter Gray; \_\_\_\_\_ He
2. Now Pe - ter Gray he fell in love, All with a nice young girl; \_\_\_\_\_ The
3. But just as they were going to wed, Her pa - pa he said "No!" \_\_\_\_\_ And
4. And Pe - ter Gray he went to trade For furs and oth - er skins, \_\_\_\_\_ Till
5. When Lu - cy An - na heard the news, She straightway took to bed, \_\_\_\_\_ And

## CHORUS TENORS

lived way down in that 'er etown call'd Pennsylvani - a.  
first three letters of her name were L-U-C, An-na Quirl.  
con - se - quently she was sent way off to O - hi - o.  
he was caught and scalp - y - ed, by the bloody Indians.  
nev - er did get up a - gain un - til she di - i - ed.

Blow, ye winds of the

## BASSES

morn - ing, Blow, ye winds, heigho; Blow ye winds of the morning, Blow, blow, blow.

## Crow Song

*Lively* *mf* SOLO CHORUS 3 SOLO

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! There  
 2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! Said

Bil-ly Magee!

were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! There  
 one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! Said

were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,  
 one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to eat?" And they all flapp'd their wings and cried

(Spoken)  
 Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapp'd their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

## Carve Dat Possum

SAM LUCAS

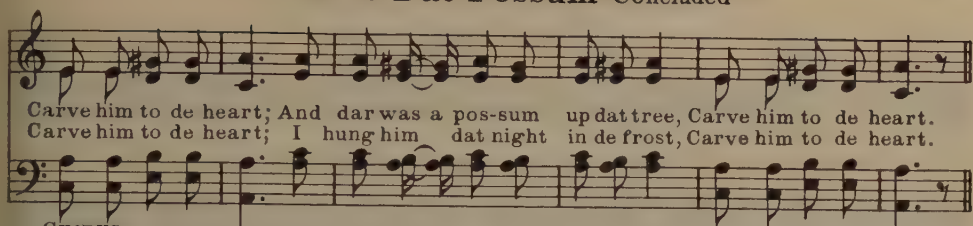
*Lively* *f*

1. De pos-sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al-ways find him  
 2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De possum he be-

good and sweet, Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I went to see,  
 gan to grin Carve him to de heart; I carried him home and dressed him off,

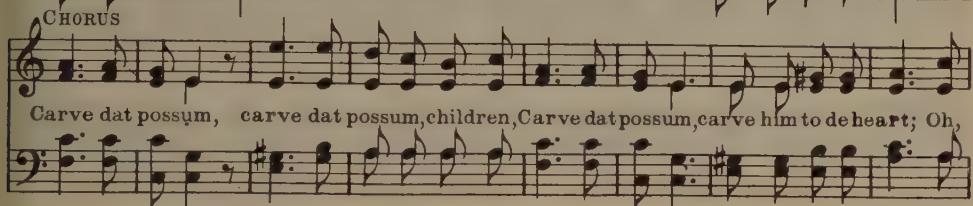
# Carve Dat Possum-Concluded

123

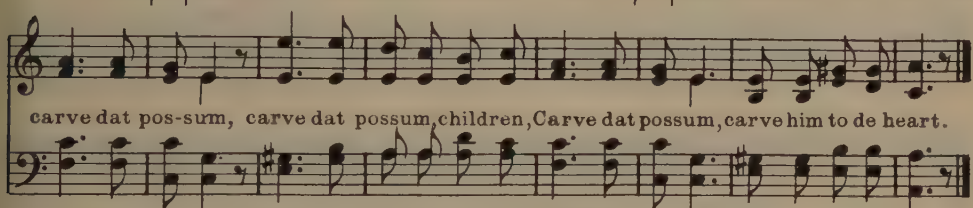


Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos-sum up dat tree, Carve him to de heart.  
Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night in de frost, Carve him to de heart.

CHORUS



Carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart; Oh,

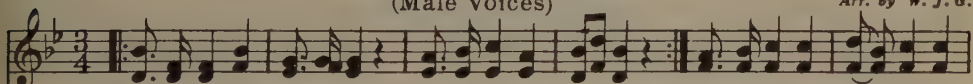


carve dat pos-sum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart.

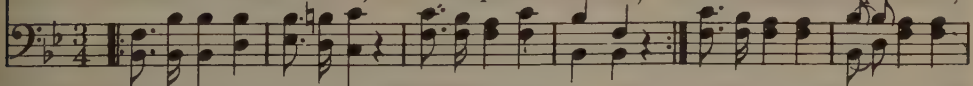
## Gaudeamus Igitur

(Male Voices)

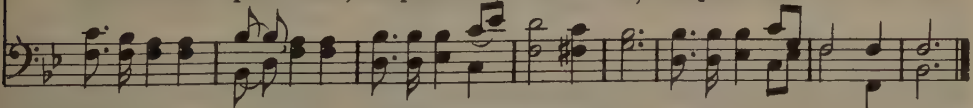
Arr. by W. J. G.



1. Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur,	Ju-venes dum sumus;	Post jucundam juvenu-tem,
2. U-bisunt, qui ante nos,	In mundo fu-e-re?	Transe-as ad su-pe-ros,
3. Vi-vat a-cad-e-mi-a,	Vivat profes-so-res,	Vi-vat membrum quod libet,




Post molestam senec-tutem,	Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus,	Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus.
A-be-us ad in-fe-ros,	Qu-os si vis vi-de-re,	Qu-os si vis vi-de-re.
Vivant membra quæ-li-bet,	Semper sint in flo-re,	Semper sint in flo-re.



(English Version.)

- |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Let us now in youth rejoice,<br>None can justly blame us;<br>For when golden youth has fled,<br>And in age our joys are dead,<br>Then the dust doth claim us. | 2. Where have all our fathers gone?<br>Here we'll see them never;<br>Seek the god's serene abode<br>Cross the dolorous Stygian flood;<br>There they dwell forever. |
| 3. Raise we, then, the joyous shout,<br>Life to Alma Mater!<br>Life to each professor here,<br>Life to all our comrades dear,<br>May they leave us never.        |                                                                                                                                                                    |



# Street Urchins' Medley

(Male Voices)

Arr. by J. W. B.

Sing a song of cities, Cities great and small; Rhyming lit-tle ditties

Tell a-bout them all. New-York has her lobsters, Boston has her

beans Bal-timore's the place for oysters, But for 'lasses New Or-leans.

*Quickly*

Roll dem bones, roll dem bones, Roll 'em on the square; Roll 'em on the sidewalks, the

streets or an-y-where. We roll 'em in the morning, We roll 'em in the night, We

*slower* *Fine*

roll dem bones the whole day long, While the cops are out of sight.

we roll dem bones.

# Street Urchins' Medley—Concluded

125

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Teddy and I'm always ready, my  
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, *D.S.*

brushes are new my blacking is fine. Hi there! mister! Don't you want a shine?  
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

## Reuben and Rachel

MODIFIED BY N.H.H.

1. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be  
O! my goodness, gra-cious Ra-chel, What a queer world this would be

2. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,  
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, Men would have a mer-ry time,

3. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas-ing, If you've an-y love for me,  
Ra-chel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,

{ If the men were all transport-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.  
{ If the men were all transport-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.  
{ If they had no men a-bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.  
{ If at once they were transport-ed Far be-yond the salt-y brine.  
{ I was on-ly just a-fool-ing, As I thought of course you'd see.  
{ And I'll split with you my mon-ey Ev-'ry pay-day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only should be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

## Scotland's Burning

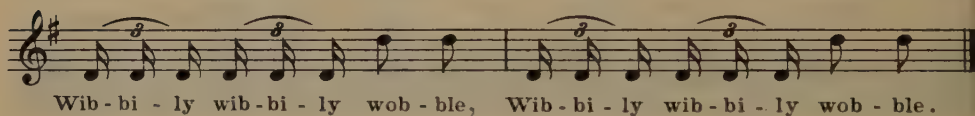
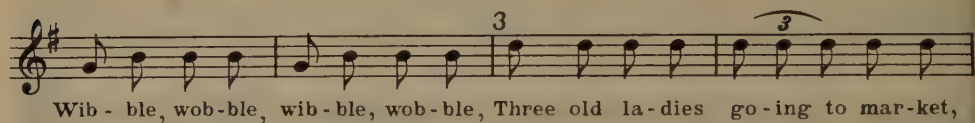
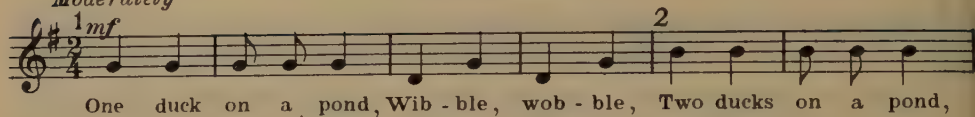
(Round)

1 2  
Scot-land's burn-ing, Scot-land's burn-ing, Look out, look out!

3 4  
Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on wa-ter, Pour on wa-ter.

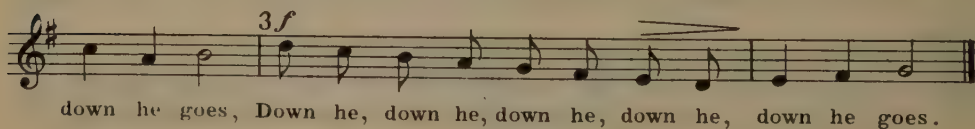
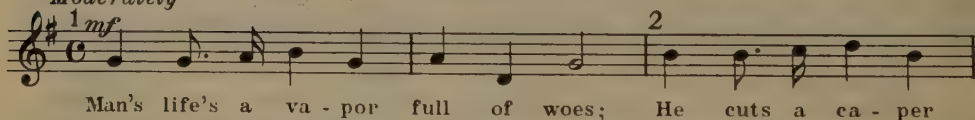
# Ducks on a Pond

(Round)

*Moderately*

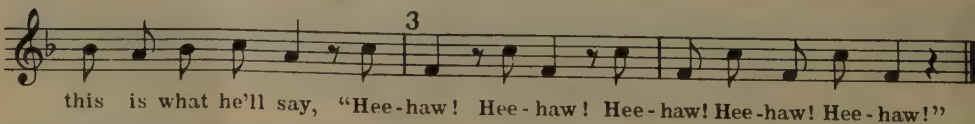
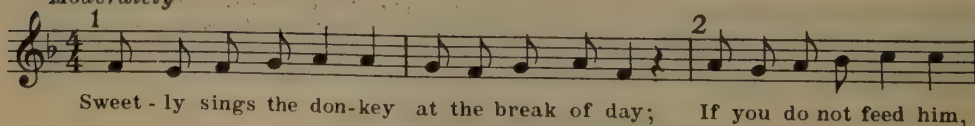
# Man's Life's a Vapor

(Round)

*Moderately*

# The Donkey

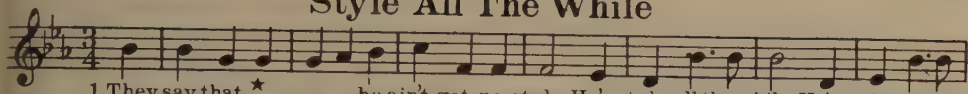
(Round)

*Moderately*

Add to the fun by using pantomime while singing these rounds.



# Style All The While



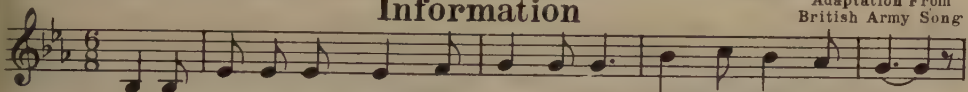
1. They say that <sup>★</sup> - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, He's style all the  
 2. They say that Miss <sup>★</sup> - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, She smiles all the

while, They say that <sup>★</sup> - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, all the while.  
 while, They say that Miss <sup>★</sup> - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, all the while.

\* Supply any name. Make additional verses to suit the occasion.

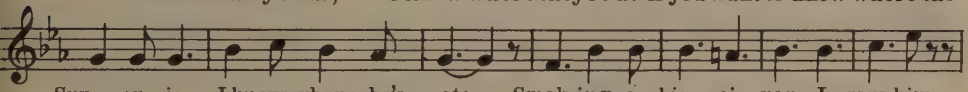
Adaptation From  
British Army Song

## Information



1. If you want to know where the Sup-er is I know where he's at,  
 2. If you want to know where the Princ'pal is I know where he's at,  
 3. If you want to know where the teach-ers are I know where they're at,  
 4. If you want to know where the stu-dents are I know where they're at,

I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the  
 I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the  
 I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the  
 I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the



Sup-er is I know where he's at; Smok-ing a big ci-gar, I saw him,  
 Princ'pal is I know where he's at; Tak-ing a lit-tle nap, I saw him,  
 teachers are I know where they're at; Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them,  
 students are I know where they're at; Up to their necks in work, I saw them,

I saw him, Smok-ing a big ci-gar, I saw him smok-ing a big ci-gar.  
 I saw him, Tak-ing a lit-tle nap, I saw him tak-ing a lit-tle nap.  
 I saw them, Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them plan-ning to flunk the class.  
 I saw them, Up to their necks in work, I saw them up to their necks in work.

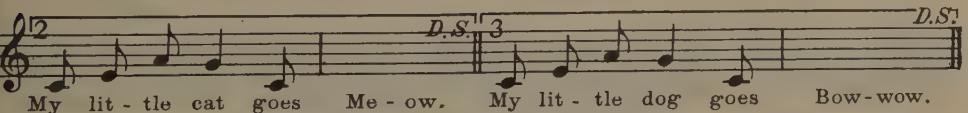
## The Barnyard Family

COLLEGE SONG



1. I have a roost-er, my roost-er loves me. I feed my roost-er on green Bay tree,  
 2. I have a cat, my cat loves me. I feed my cat on green Bay tree, *Fine.*

My lit-tle roost-er goes oo-dle-de-oo, de-oo-dle-de-oo-dle-dee-oo-dle-de-oo.



My lit-tle cat goes Me-ow. My lit-tle dog goes Bow-wow.

3. Dog-Bowwow 4. Sheep-Ba-a-a-a 5. Cow-Moo-o-o 6. Crow-Caw-Caw

After third ending with dog call, sing last two measures of cat call and then go back to sign, finishing with rooster call. Any number of verses may be used but in each case after the new animal call has been sung, all preceding endings are sung in inverse order ending with the rooster call. Thus, if six animal calls were used in following order: rooster, cat, dog, sheep, cow, crow, the song would end: My little crow goes, caw-caw; my little cow goes, moo-o; my little sheep goes, Ba-a-a; and so on back to rooster call.

# Farewell To Thee

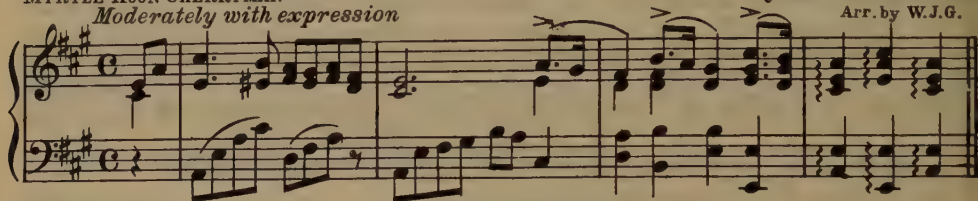
This plaintive melody, usually appearing under the title "Aloha Oe" is said to have been written by former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. In the original text, it is a love song of parting.

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

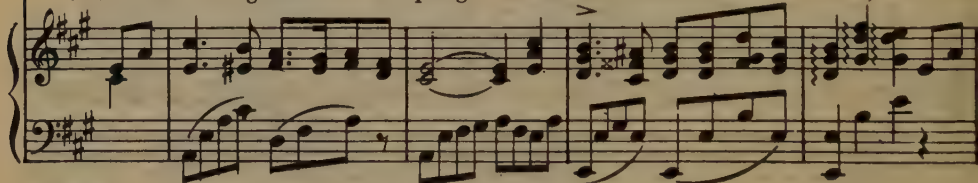
*Moderately with expression*

Arr. by W.J.G.



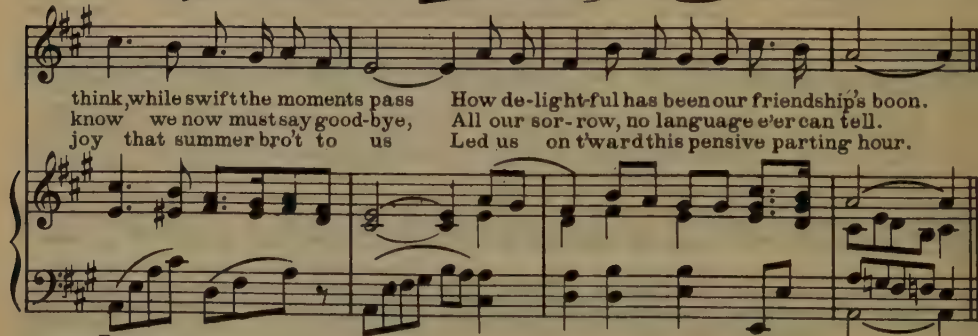
1. Now our gold-en days are at an end;  
2. We have felt the thrill of autumn days,  
3. We have seen togeth-er how the spring

The part-ing hour is coming soon, And we  
And shared the winter's cold as well; When we  
Made mir-a-cles of tree and flow'r; But the



think, while swift the moments pass  
know we now must say good-bye,  
joy that summer bro't to us

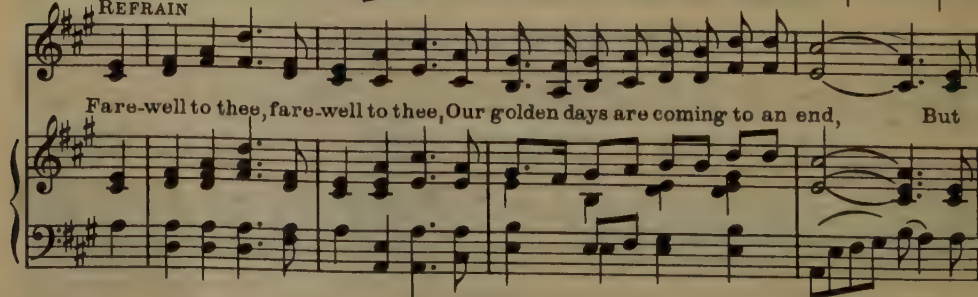
How de-light-ful has been our friendship's boon.  
All our sor-row, no language e'er can tell.  
Led us on t'ward this pensive parting hour.



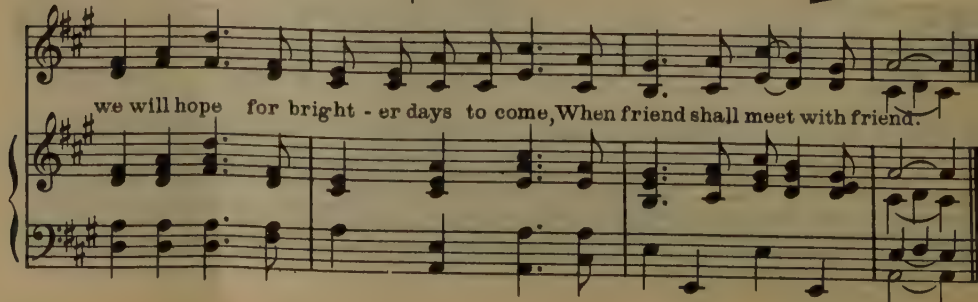
## REFRAIN

Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Our golden days are coming to an end,

But



we will hope for bright-er days to come, When friend shall meet with friend.



# SUPPLEMENT

*Selected and Arranged by*  
WALTER GOODELL  
*and*  
FLORENCE M. MARTIN

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## Praise Ye The Father

CHARLES GOUNOD

*Allegretto maestoso* M M  $\text{♩} = 100$ 

*f* Praise ye — the Fa - ther! Let ev-'ry heart give thanks to Him!

*f* Ev-'ry

Praise ye the Fa - ther, who is ev - er kind and mer - ci - ful!

Praise ye — the Fa - ther, — Who not - eth ev-'ry spar-row's fall!

O King — of Glo - ry! Let all earth pro - claim Thy

maj - es - ty! Sing — of the Lord, — Ev-'ry

*p* Of Him — sing praise! —

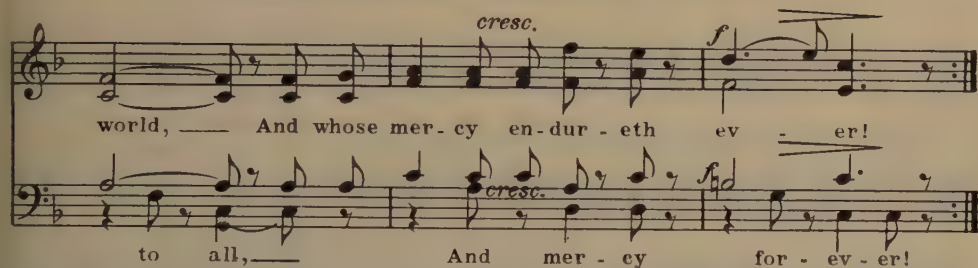
*cresc.* voice pro - claim His pow'r! *dim.* Who bring - eth joy — to the *p*

*cresc.* Pro - claim — His pow'r! *dim.* And peace — *p*

# Praise Ye The Father—Continued

131

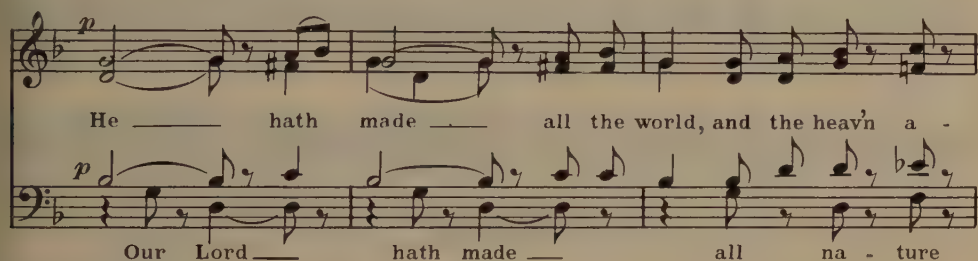
*cresc.*



world, — And whose mer - cy en - dur - eth ev - er!

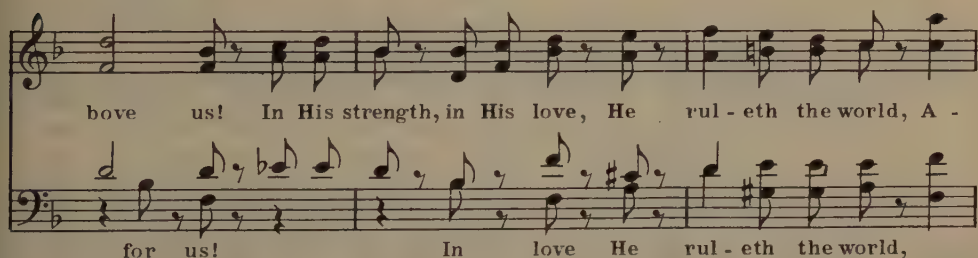
to all, — And mer - cy for - ev - er!

*p*



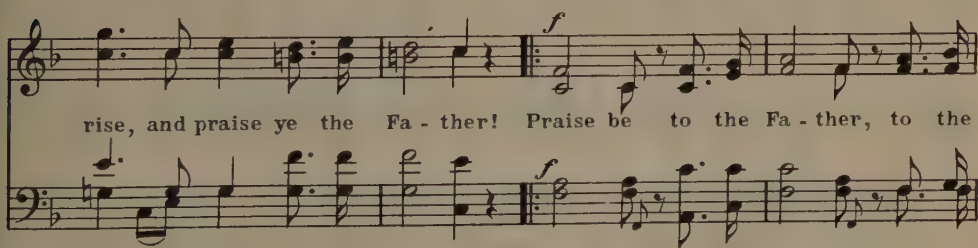
He — hath made — all the world, and the heav'n a -

Our Lord — hath made — all na - ture

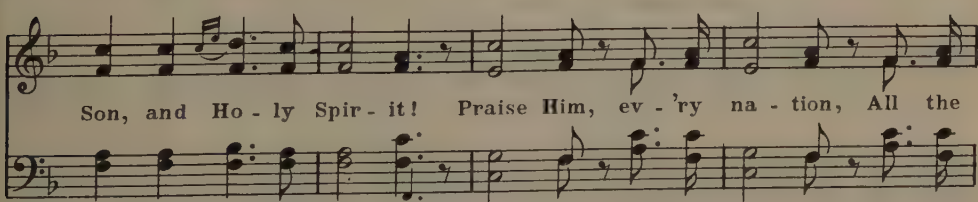


bove us! In His strength, in His love, He rul - eth the world, A -

for us! In love He rul - eth the world,

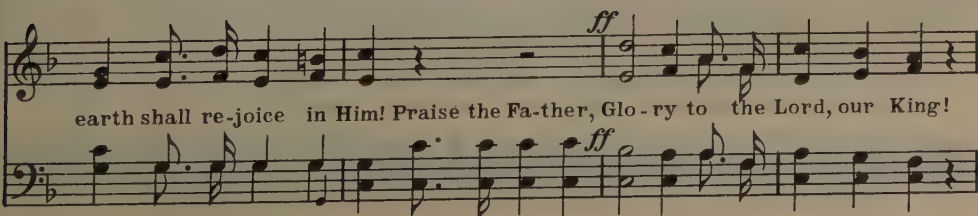


rise, and praise ye the Fa - ther! Praise be to the Fa - ther, to the



Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it! Praise Him, ev - 'ry na - tion, All the

*ff*



earth shall re-joice in Him! Praise the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Lord, our King!

## Praise Ye The Father—Concluded

Glo - ry to His ev - er - last - ing name! Let all earth be glad, re -

joie-ing in His love, Oh, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!

*ff*

1 2

## October

E. E. BOWEN

J. FARMER


Arr. by Florence Martin

1. The months are met with their crown-lets on, As Jul - ius Cae - sar  
 2. "I vote for March, may it please you," cries A stu - dent pale and  
 3. "For May! For May!" the girls all say, How mild the air that  
 4. "Oc - to - ber brings cold weath - er down, When wind and rain con -


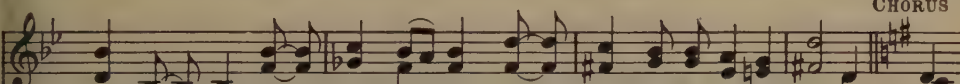
crowned them; With slaves, the gen - tle - men thir - ty - one, And the  
 mea - ger; "He gives us theme and les - son and prize, And  
 blows is! How nice - ly sweet the soft spring day, How  
 tin - ue; He nerves the limbs that are la - zy grown, And

la - dies thir - ty round them. "But who shall be mon - arch of  
 schol - ar - ship O so ea - ger!" But loud - er now in the  
 sweet - ly nice the ros - es!" But girl and schol - ar may  
 brac - es the lan - quid sin - ew; So while we have voic - es and







all?" you ask; Go — ask of the boys and maid - ens, For —  
dis - tance floats A — choice there is no dis - guis - ing; And you  
pray and plead The — voice of the lads is clear - er, And —  
lungs to cheer, And the win - ter — frost be - fore — us, Come, —

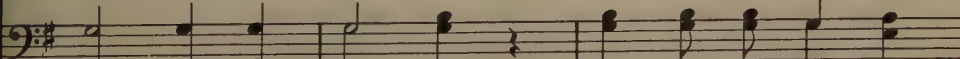




CHORUS


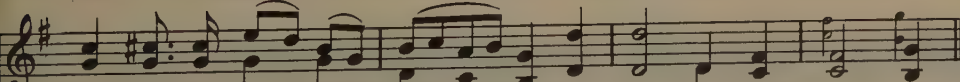
that is the lads' and the lass-ies' task, And they choose him a - far in ca - dence. }  
hear from man - y — heart - y throats The — chant of the boys up - ris - ing. } Oc -  
firm and stead - y — comes that tread, In — time to the mu - sic, near - er! }  
sing to the king of the mor - tal year, And — thun - der him out in cho - rus!" }

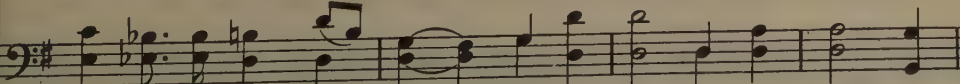
to - ber, Oc - to - ber, March to the dull and

so - ber! The suns of May for the school girls' play, But

give to the boys Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber!



# God So Loved The World

JOHN 3: 16, 17

JOHN STAINER

*p* *cresc.*

God so loved the world,— God so loved the world,— that He  
that

*p* *cresc.*

*mf*

gave His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that who - so be - liev - eth, be -

*mf*

*p* *cresc.* *f*

liev - eth on Him should not per - ish, should not per - ish but

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*p*

have ev - er - last - ing life. For God sent not His Son in - to the

*p*

*cresc.* *mf*

world to con - demn the world, God sent not His Son in - to the world to con -

*cresc.* *mf*

*p*

demn the world; but that the world thru Him might be sav - ed.

*p*

# God So Loved The World—Concluded

135

*pp* *cresc.*

God so loved the world,— God so loved the world,— that He

*pp* *cresc.* that

*mf*

gave— His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that who - so be - liev - eth, be -

*mf*

*p* *cresc.* *f*

liev - eth on Him should not per - ish, should not per - ish but

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*cresc.*

have ev - er - last - ing life, ev - er - last - ing life, ev - er - last - ing,

*cresc.*

*dim. e rall.* *pp*

ev - er - last - ing life. God so loved the world,—

*dim. e rall.* *pp*

*ppp* *rall.*

— God so loved the world,— God so loved the world.

*ppp* *rall.*



## Vilia

From the German

New version by

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

From "The Merry Widow"

FRANZ LEHAR

Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

*Allegretto scherz.* M.M. ♩ = 96

mf

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto scherz.* (M.M. ♩ = 96). It features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes. The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf).

(TWO SOLO VOICES)

1. One morn-ing a hunts-man all gal-lant and gay, While chas-ing wild  
 2. The nymph rais'd a cheek that was cool as a leaf, A-las for the

p

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry is in 2/4 time, marked piano (p). It features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes.

boar in the wood cool and gray Es-pied a fair dry-ad-a-  
 kiss both so thrill-ing and brief! As soon as his lips touch'd the

MALE VOICES

Hm

The piano accompaniment for the male voices is in 2/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes.

mong the great trees, And soon as he saw her bright hair in the breeze  
ex - qui-site face, She van - ish'd, and left but a dim, lone-ly place.

Hm MIXED VOICES Hm Hm

*pp rit.*

Ten - der thoughts be-gan to throng; Quest of game no more was  
Yet, there haunts him, day and night, Ech - oes from that wood - land

TENOR SOLO Ah Ah

strong, For this, straight-way, be-came his hunt - ing song:  
sprite: "Dry - ad maid with no mor - tal can u - nite!"

MIXED VOICES Hm p

# Vilia — Continued

*Moderato*

*p*

"Vil - ia, fair dry - ad, you rule in the wood, O'er blossoms, bees, and the

*Moderato*

*p*

ti - ny bird-brood, Vil - ia, dear maiden, your rule I'll o - bey; Sweet Vil-ia

love me, I pray.

Vil - ia, fair dry - ad, you rule in the



wood, O'er blossoms, bees, and the ti - ny bird - brood, *pp* Hm

TENOR SOLO

Vil - ia, dear *pp*

Sweet Vil - ia, love me, I pray,

maid-en, your rule I'll o - bey;

prayer, love me I pray, sweet Vil - i - a!

8va

This musical score is for a piece titled 'Vilia - Concluded'. It is written for voice and piano. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of several systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system features a 'TENOR SOLO' section. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system includes the lyrics 'maid-en, your rule I'll o - bey;'. The fifth system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The sixth system includes the lyrics 'prayer, love me I pray, sweet Vil - i - a!'. The seventh system shows the piano accompaniment, with an '8va' marking indicating an octave shift. The score concludes with a final chord.

# Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Arr. by Florence Martin



1. I dream of Jean-ie with the light brown hair, Borne like a va - por,
2. I long for Jean-ie with the day dawn smile, Ra-diant in glad-ness,
3. I sigh for Jean-ie, but her light form strayed Far from the fond hearts



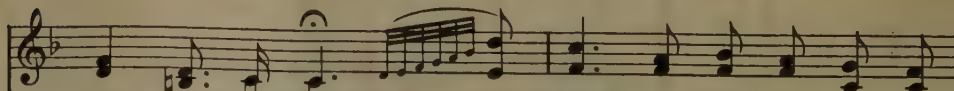
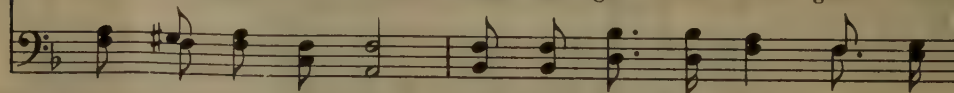
on the sum-mer air; I see her trip-ping where the bright streams play  
warm with win-ning guile; I hear her mel - o - dies, like joys gone by,  
round her na - tive glade; Her smiles have van-ished and her sweet songs flown



Hap-py as the dai-sies that dance on her way. Man-y were the wild notes her  
Sigh-ing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die: Sigh-ing like the night-wind and  
Flit-ting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. Now the nod-ding wild flow'rs ma



mer - ry voice would pour, Man - y were the blithe birds that  
sob - bing like the rain, Wail - ing for the lost one that  
with - er on the shore, While her gen - tle fin - gers will



war - bled them o'er: Oh! I dream of Jean - ie with the  
comes not a - gain: Oh! I long for Jean - ie and my  
cull them no more; Oh! I sigh for Jean - ie with the



light brown hair, Float-ing, like a va - por, on the soft sum-mer air.  
heart bows low, Nev - er-more to find her where the bright wa-ters flow.  
light brown hair, Float-ing, like a va - por, on the soft sum-mer air.

## O Starry Flag

NORMAN H. HALL

(All Saints)

HENRY S. CUTLER

1. O star - ry flag of red and white With stars on field of blue, —  
2. O ban - ner bright with stars and stripes, Re-nowned thru - out the world, —  
3. May oth - er flags of oth - er lands, Stand by thee in their might, —

We hon - or thee, and in our might To thee we'll e'er be true.  
Be - cause thou stand-est for the right Wher-e'er thou art un - furled.  
As broth - ers with u - nit - ed hands, A broth - er - hood for right.

O glo - rious ban - ner of our land, Our own U - nit - ed States, —  
Long shalt thou wave thru - out this land, Which gave to thee thy birth, —  
As em - blems may they ev - er stand With thee, for what is just, —

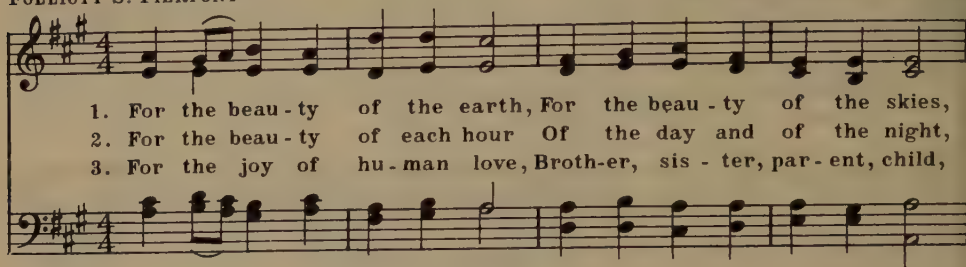
For right and jus - tice shalt thou stand, Midst world as - so - ci - ates.  
And hon - ored shalt thou ev - er be In ev - 'ry land on earth.  
For free - dom, lib - er - ty and faith, That all in them may trust.



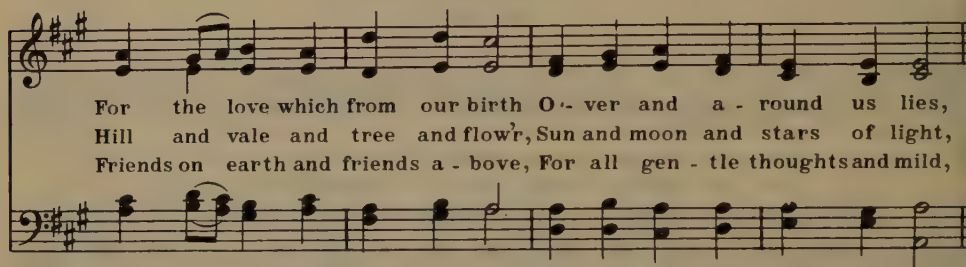
# For The Beauty Of The Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPONT

Arr. from CONRAD KOCHER

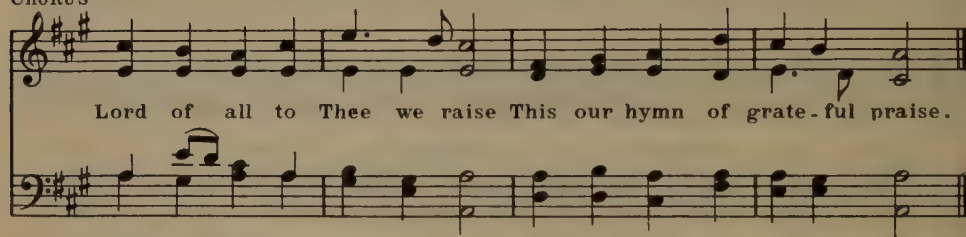


1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies,  
 2. For the beau-ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,  
 3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,



For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,  
 Hill and vale and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light,  
 Friends on earth and friends a-bove, For all gen-tle thoughts and mild,

## CHORUS

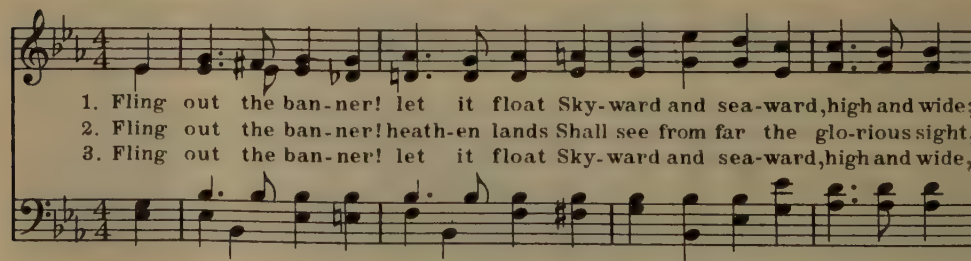


Lord of all to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.

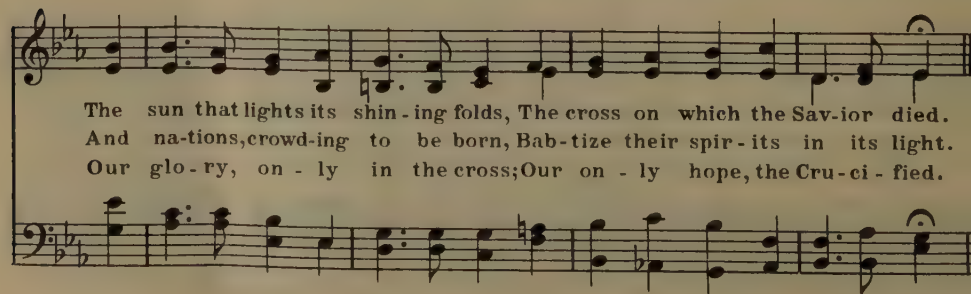
# Fling Out The Banner! Let It Float

GEORGE W. DOANE

JOHN B. CALKIN



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;  
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! heath-en lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,  
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,



The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.  
 And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bab-tize their spir-its in its light.  
 Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied.


# The Meeting Of The Waters

143

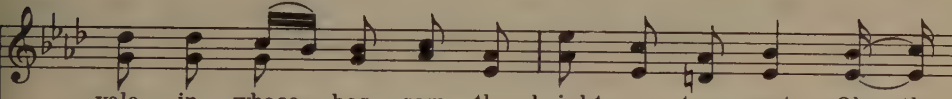
THOMAS MOORE

IRISH AIR


Arr. by Florence Martin



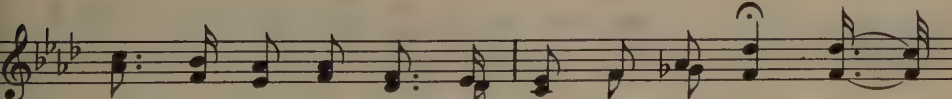
1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As the  
 2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her  
 3. 'Twas that friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made




vale in whose bos - som the bright wa - ters meet, Oh, the  
 pur - est of crys - tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas —  
 ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who



last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the  
 not her soft mag - ic of stream - let or rill, Oh! —  
 felt how the best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we



bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the  
 no it was some - thing more ex - qui - site still, Oh! —  
 see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we



bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.  
 no it was some - thing more ex - qui - site still.  
 see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

1. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for  
 2. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the wild lo-re-

thee, — Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, —  
 lei; — O - ver the stream - let va - pors are borne, —

Lulled by the moon-light have all passed a - way! — Beau-ti-ful dream-er,  
 Wait - ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn. — Beau-ti-ful dream-er,

queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft mel - o - dy; —  
 beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the stream-let and sea; —

Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to  
 Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to

me! — Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me! —  
 me! — Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me! —




## Bonny Eloise

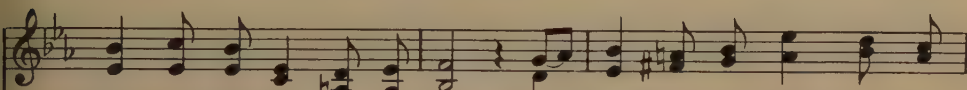
C. W. ELLIOTT

J. R. THOMAS


Arr. by Florence Martin



1. O sweet is the vale where the Mo-hawk gen-tly glides On its  
2. O sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sun-ny years, That be -




clear wind-ing way 'to the sea, And dear-er than all sto-ried  
span-gle the gay val-ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thru

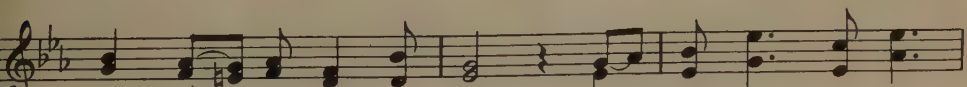


REFRAIN


streams on earth be-sides, Is this bright roll-ing riv-er to me; But  
mem-o-ries' fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore;



sweet-er dear-er, yes, dear-er far than these Who



charm where oth-ers all fail Is blue-eyed, bon-ny,



bon-ny E-lo-ise, The belle of the Mo-hawk Vale.

## Wait For The Wagon

R. B. B.

R. B. BUCKLEY

Arr. by Florence Martin

1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis dear, To — yon blue moun-tain  
2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver, — And the birds they sing so

free? Where the blos-soms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a - long with  
sweet, I — have a cab - in, Phyl-lis, And some-thing good to

me. It's ev - 'ry Sun-day morn-ing, When you are by my  
eat. Come lis - ten to my sto - ry, It will re - lieve my

side, We'll jump in-to the wag-on, And all take a ride.  
heart, So jump in-to the wag-on, And off we will start.

## REFRAIN

Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on,

Wait for the wag-on And we'll all take a ride.

## Send Out Thy Light

PSALM XLIII and XX

CHARLES GOUNOD

*Adagio molto* *fff* *Moderato* *pp*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy

*fff* *fff* *pp*

truth, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill;

*cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.*

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

*p* *cresc.* *f*

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un-to Thy ho - ly hill, let them

*dim.* *dim.* *p* *O* let them lead me,

*cresc.* *f* *rit.* *dim.* *p*

lead, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill.

*cresc.* *f* *rit.* *dim.* *p*

O God, — then will I go — un - to Thine — al - tar, On the

*p*



harp we will praise Thee, O Lord our God! O God,—then will I  
Prais - ing Thee,

go un - to Thine—al - tar, And we will praise Thee,

and we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our  
cresc. molto ff

God! on the harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God!

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them  
pp cresc.

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Send out Thy light and Thy  
dim. p cresc.

# Send Out Thy Light—Continued

149

*f* *rit.* *dim.*

truth, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho-ly hill.

*p* *cresc.*

Why, O soul, art thou sor-row-ful, And why cast down with-in me?

*cresc.*

Still trust the lov-ing kind-ness of the God of thy strength,

And my tongue yet shall praise Him, and my tongue yet shall praise Him,

*f* *ff*

and my tongue yet shall praise Him, Who hath plead-ed my cause!

*p* *cresc.* *f* *rit.*

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

## Send Out Thy Light—Continued

Musical score for "Send Out Thy Light—Continued". The score is written for voice and piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of staves. The lyrics are: "bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord — our — God! — Lord our God! Thou wilt save Thine a - noint - ed, Thou wilt hear us from heav - en; Some in char - i - ots put their faith! Our trust is in Thee! — They are brought down and fall - en, they are brought down and fall - en, But the Lord is our help - er, we shall not be a - fraid, But the Lord is our help - er, we shall not be a - fraid. —". The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (dim., p, f, ff, pp), articulation (accents), and performance instructions (cresc., molto, rit.).

dim. *p* *f* dim.  
 bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord — our — God!

dim. *p* *cresc.*  
 — Lord our God! Thou wilt save Thine a - noint - ed, Thou wilt hear us from

dim. *p* *cresc. molto* *ff*  
 heav - en; Some in char - i - ots put their faith! Our trust is in

dim. *p* *cresc. molto* *ff*  
 Thee! — They are brought down and fall - en, they are brought down and

*f* *pp*  
 fall - en, But the Lord is our help - er, we shall not be a -

*ff* *rit.*  
 fraid, But the Lord is our help - er, we shall not be a - fraid. —



# Send Out Thy Light—Concluded

151

*ppp*

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

*ppp*

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill;

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

*p* *cresc.* *f*

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*dim.* *p* *p<sup>o</sup>* let them

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly

*dim.* *p* *p<sup>o</sup>* let them

lead me, O *f* *rit.* *dim.*

hill, let them lead, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy

*f* *rit.* *dim.*

lead me, O

*p* *fff* *ppp*

ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light, O Lord our God! —

*p* *fff* *ppp*

# And the Glory of the Lord

From "The Messiah"

(MIXED)

ISAIAH 40:5

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

*Allegro*

*f*

*col 8<sup>va</sup> bassa ad lib.*

And the

And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, and th

*tr*

*mf*

*f*

glo - ry, shall be re -

glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - ed

shall be re - veal -

*mf*

# And The Glory Of The Lord—Continued

veal - ed.

And the glo - ry, the glo-ry of the

And the glo - ry, the glo-ry of the Lord

Shall be re - veal - ed,

- ed.

Shall be re - veal - ed

Lord.

shall be re - veal'd,

be re - veal -

Shall be re - veal

- ed.

- ed, and the

glo-ry, the glo-ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - ed.



# And The Glory Of The Lord—Continued

And all flesh shall see it to - geth-er. And a

*mf* *f* *mf*

flesh shall see it to - geth-er; and all flesh sha

For the mouth of th

For the mouth of the Lord ha

see it to - geth - er, and all flesh shall see it t

Lord hath spo-ken it;

# And The Glory Of The Lord - Continued

155

spo - ken it,  
geth - er; and all flesh and all flesh shall see it to-gether  
and all flesh shall see it to-gether;  
For the

*mf* *f*

and all flesh shall see it to-gether;  
mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it.

*f*

and all flesh shall  
And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, and all flesh shall see it, shall  
and all flesh shall

## And The Glory Of The Lord—Continued

see it to - geth - er; the mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it

it to - geth - er

see it

and the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, sha

see it to - geth - er

be re - veal - ed, and all flesh

and all flesh shall see it to

and all flesh

shall see it to

mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it,

hath

geth - er;

for the mouth of the Lord

the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - veal -

geth - er;

And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the



# And The Glory Of The Lord - Continued

157

spo -

- ken it

hath spo - ken it; and all flesh

shall

- ed

and all flesh

Lord shall be re - veal - ed,

and all flesh shall

*mf*

and the glo - ry, the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord,

shall

see it to - geth - er

and the glo - ry, the

be re - veal - ed,

glo - ry of the Lord

shall be re - veal - ed, re - veal - ed

shall be re -

shall be re - veal

ed re -

## And The Glory Of The Lord—Concluded

and all flesh shall see it to - geth-er, to - geth -

and all flesh shall

see it to - geth-er, to - geth -

veal - ed, and all flesh shall

veal - ed, for the mouth of the Lord hath spo-ken

er; For the mouth of the Lord

er; For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, For the mouth

it.

for the

*Adagio*

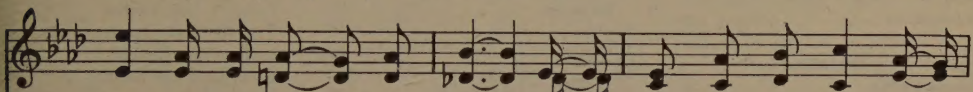
of the Lord hath spo - ken it.

mouth of the Lord, the mouth of the Lord.

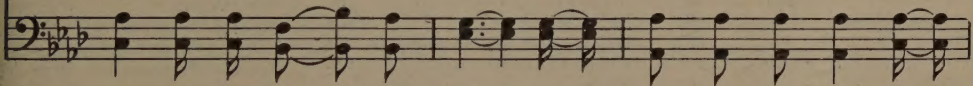
*Adagio*

*Moderately*

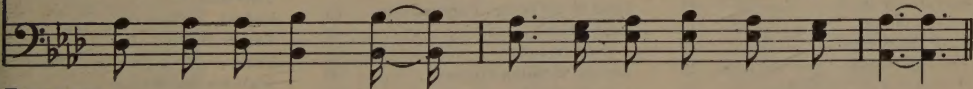
1. Oh \_\_\_\_\_ give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
2. How \_\_\_\_\_ of - ten at night where the heav - ens are bright With the
3. Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand Flows \_\_\_\_\_
4. Where the air is so pure, the \_\_\_\_\_ zeph - yrs so free, The \_\_\_\_\_
5. Oh, I love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours, The \_\_\_\_\_



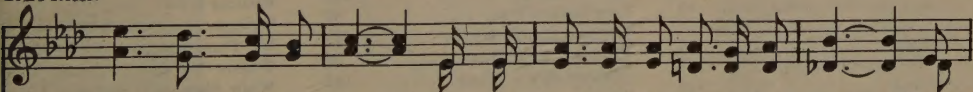
deer and the an - te - lope play; Where \_\_\_\_\_ sel - dom is heard a dis -  
lights from the glit - ter - ing stars, Have I stood there a - mazed and \_\_\_\_\_  
lei - sure - ly down \_\_\_\_\_ the stream; Where the grace - ful, white swan goes \_\_\_\_\_  
breez - es so balm - y and light, That I would not ex - change my \_\_\_\_\_  
cur - lew I love to hear scream, And I love the white rocks and the



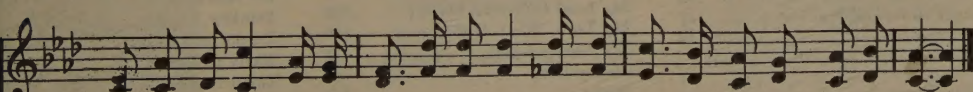
cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_  
asked as I gazed If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. \_\_\_\_\_  
glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream. \_\_\_\_\_  
home on the range, For \_\_\_\_\_ all of the cit - ies so bright. \_\_\_\_\_  
an - te - lope flocks, That \_\_\_\_\_ graze on the moun - tain - top's green. \_\_\_\_\_



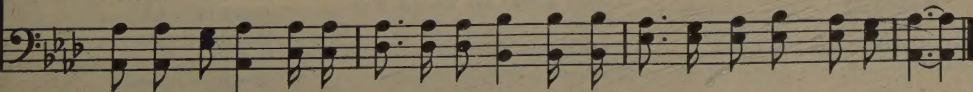
## REFRAIN



Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an - te - lope play; \_\_\_\_\_ Where



sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_





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Old Ark A-Moving Along.....	
Ole Dan Tucker.....	
O, Little Town of Bethlehem.....	
O, No, John.....	
O Rest in the Lord.....	
O Starry Flag.....	
O, Worship the King.....	
Peter Gray.....	
Praise Ye the Father.....	
Proudly as the Eagle.....	
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Ring, Ring the Banjo.....	
Rosalie.....	
Rose of Allandale.....	
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Scotland's Burning.....	
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Sleep Soldier Sleep.....	
Softly Now the Light of Day.....	
Spacious Firmament on High.....	
Star-Spangled Banner.....	
Steal Away.....	
Still, Still with Thee.....	
Street Urchin's Medley.....	
Style All the While.....	
Taps.....	
There Were Three Crows.....	
They All Love Jack.....	
Three Chafers.....	
Three Sailor Boys.....	
To Thee, O Country.....	
Two Roses.....	
Unfold, Ye Portals.....	
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De Bezem.....	
Donkey.....	
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Huntsman.....	
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Man's Life's a Vapor.....	
Merrily, Merrily.....	
Row, Row, Row Your Boat.....	
Scotland's Burning.....	



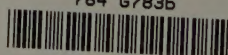
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